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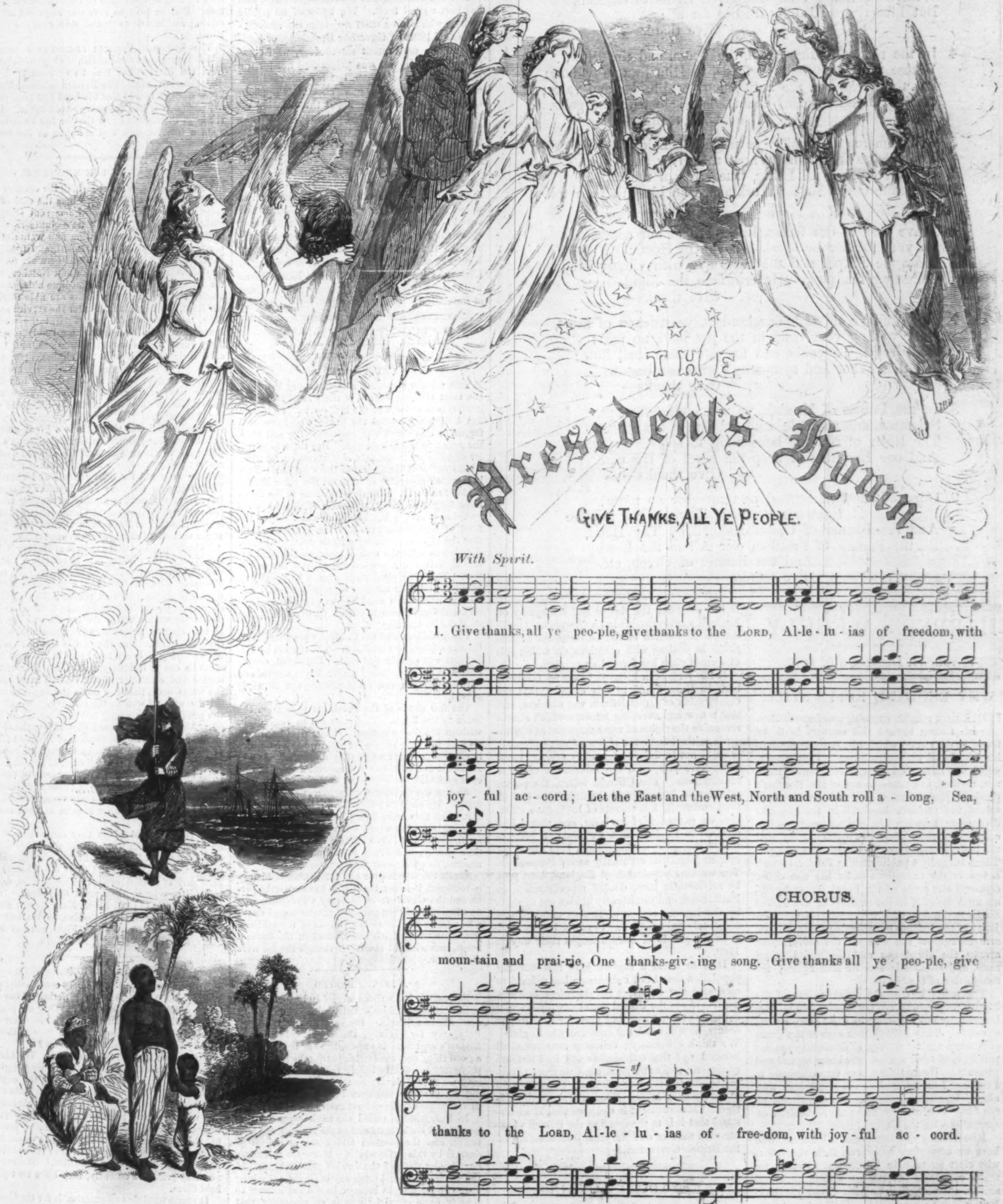
The President's Hymn
Give Thanks, All Ye People.
With Spirit.
1. Give thanks, all ye peo-ple, give thanks to the Lord, Al-le-lu-ias of freedom, with joy-ful ac-cord; Let the East and the West, North and South roll a-long, Sea, moun-tain and prai-rie, One thanks-giv-ing song.
CHORUS.
Give thanks all ye peo-ple, give thanks to the Lord, Al-le-lu-ias of free-dom, with joy-ful ac-cord.
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THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN, COMPOSED BY REV. DR. MUHLENBERG.—[Published by Permission of Mr. A. D. Randolph, 683 Broadway.]

Give Thanks, all ye People.

1. GIVE thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord:
Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song.

Chorus after each verse.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluias of freedom, with joyful accord.

2. For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health:
Give thanks—

3. For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage their God-given rights to enthrall,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all:
Give thanks—

4. In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom, and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow:
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales;
On His Ocean domains chant His Name with the gales.
Give thanks—

5. Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him Whose the silver and gold.
Happier children of Labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the Great Master-Workman, who blesseth your toil.
Give thanks—

6. Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—

7. Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead in the joy have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—

8. In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Empire still keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—

9. Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, of Thy gift we implore
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er All in the Land.
And the Banner of Union, etc.
Give thanks—

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

WHY ENGLAND KEEPS STILL.

THE most reliable exposition we have of British feeling toward this country is to be found in the speech which Mr. Beecher made to his friends on his return home. That speech, which was in marked contrast—in point of manner, method, and tone—to any of Mr. Beecher's previous performances, may be said to have solved the problem involved in the singular divergence between the written and spoken opinions of the leaders of British society, and the policy pursued by the British Government. There is hardly a public man in England—with a few bright exceptions—who has not either espoused the cause of the South, or expressed an utter disbelief in the capacity of the United States to preserve their nationality; a vast majority of the leading newspapers of England are arrayed against us; and yet the Government arrests the *Alexandra* and the Laird pirate rams, and steadfastly sets its face against the recognition of the South.

The secret is that the great masses of the British people, who are not represented in Parliament, in the Press, or in the Clubs, are on our side. They believe that ours is the cause of freedom against slavery, of democracy against privilege, of labor against hereditary capital and property. Hence their unions vote addresses to President Lincoln, and at mass meetings they almost invariably overpower the champions of the Slave Confederacy, and pass resolutions of sympathy with the United States.

Now these great unrepresented masses, who have no newspaper to express their views, and who elect no man in Parliament to speak for them, constitute nevertheless a most important section of the British people. They are Great Britain's dangerous class. They can not vote, or help make the laws which govern them. But they can make revolutions, and, if goaded too far, the presumption is that they would do so. If they ever did, the throne and aristocracy of England would crumble in an afternoon. Hence the politic caution of the Government of England in dealing with questions on which this dangerous class has formed an opinion.

It has long been believed by sound thinkers, both in Europe and in this country, that the Constitution of Great Britain was obsolete, and that a new and sweeping reform—which should recognize the rights of mere manhood as contradistinguished from the rights of mere property—could not be delayed for many years. Accidents have postponed the fulfillment of these expectations. The Chartist follies, the potato rebellion in Ireland, and the disastrous end of the Continental movements of 1848, gave Privilege an extension of its lease, and threw Democracy in England back for nearly a generation. But great truths, though kept under for ever so long, will eventually assert themselves. The working population of England, kept poor by aristocratic laws, denied representation in Parliament, and persistently hidden out of sight by the leading organs of British opinion, will ultimately fight their way to power just as surely as the people of France fought their way in 1789.

It is to avoid a rupture with this working population that Lord Palmerston has refused to recognize the rebels. He doubtless honestly expects to see the United States destroyed; and calculates that, when that cheerful catastrophe occurs, he will crush out democracy in England. We think differently; believing that we shall succeed, and that our success will lead to more systematic, and at the same time, we trust, peaceful efforts for the recognition in Great Britain of the rights of labor. Time will show which is right. Meanwhile it is right we should understand that it is to the dread of the British working-men that we owe the present forbearance of the British Government.

KENTUCKY LOYALTY.

TWENTY months have elapsed since we had occasion in this journal to comment pretty severely on the article which was then known as "Kentucky loyalty," which was a composite mixture of sympathy with rebellion, lukewarm regard for the United States, chronic aversion to being plundered, and vague hopes of maintaining neutrality when every other State in the Union was plunged into war.

On that occasion Kentucky scoffed at the counsels of those who, like ourselves, urged her to take sides manfully. A Kentucky loyalist, in May, 1861, was of the same stripe as a New York Copperhead in December, 1863. The loyalty of the best of the Kentuckians was so slim that it couldn't be trusted in the open air on a windy day.

Twenty months have passed, and Kentucky has been pretty thoroughly ravaged. Three-fourths of the State have been overrun by hostile armies. Whole counties have been depopulated. Fences, houses, barns, and whole villages have disappeared. Opulent families have been reduced to poverty. The State has been a battle-ground, and has suffered as much as Tennessee or Virginia.

But the suffering has proved wholesome, and has borne good fruit. We know of no public address which has a truer ring than the recently-published letter of Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, to a malcontent slaveholder, who complained that the war was prosecuted not for the restoration of the Union, but for the abolition of slavery. No one has more effectually squelched the Copperhead slang about the violation of the Constitution by Mr. Lincoln; no one has more clearly set forth the true duty of an American citizen at the present crisis in the nation's fate.

First save the nation, says Governor Bramlette: we'll talk about slavery afterward. If the slave-owners had not rebelled the institution would have been safe. They have taken up the sword: they and their institution must now abide the issue; and if slavery perishes in the conflict, it is easy to see that the Governor of Kentucky will not be the last man to say Amen. Under the leadership of such men Kentuckians will resume their old place among the statesmen of the nation.

THE LOUNGER.

GETTYSBURG.

THE solemn ceremony at Gettysburg is one of the most striking events of the war. There are grave-yards enough in the land—what is Virginia but a cemetery?—and the brave who have died for us in this fierce war consecrate the soil from the ocean to the Mississippi. But there is peculiar significance in the field of Gettysburg, for there "thus far" was thundered to the rebellion. This it is which separates it from all the other battle-fields of this war. Elsewhere the men in the ranks have fought as nobly, and their officers have directed as bravely; but here their valor stayed the flood of barbarism, and like the precious shells that the highest storm-tides strew upon the beach, showing how far the waters came, so the dead heroes of Gettysburg marked the highest tide of the war. Therefore shall their graves be peculiarly honored, and their memory especially sacred; and all that living men can bring of pomp and solemnity and significance to hallow their resting-place shall not be wanting.

The President and the Cabinet were there, with famous soldiers and civilians. The oration by Mr. Everett was smooth and cold. Delivered, doubtless, with his accustomed graces, it yet wanted one stirring thought, one vivid picture, one thrilling appeal.

The few words of the President were from the heart to the heart. They can not be read, even, without kindling emotion. "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." It was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken.

Among the Governors present was Horatio Seymour. He came to honor the dead of Gettysburg. But when they were dying he stood in New York sneeringly asking where was the victory promised for the Fourth of July? These men were winning that victory, and dying for us all; and now he mourns, *ex officio*, over their graves.

When the war is over and the verdict of history is rendered, it is not those who have steadily perplexed the Government in every way—those who first incited and then palliated massacre and riot—who will be known as the friends of the soldiers, but those whose faith was firmest in the darkest hours, and who did not falter though the foe were at the door.

A BISHOP BASTED.

SOMEBODY has written a brief and capital satire upon Bishop Hopkins's Letter defending slavery upon Bible grounds. By substituting the word Polygamy for Slavery, the exact value of the Bishop's argument is exposed. For if slavery be a good thing because Jewish patriarchs had slaves, polygamy is equally lovely because they had hareems. And if slavery be tolerable because Christ did not verbally condemn it, polygamy must be desirable because he did not even allude to it at all.

In fact, what is called the Bible argument deserves only such treatment as the ridicule, the contempt, and the sarcasm which are so delicately dealt it by this little squib. If we are to excuse our sins by those of the Jewish patriarchs, and if the whole spirit and tendency of Christ's teaching are to go for naught because he did not chance to specify some offense, there is no absurdity that may not be defended, and no crime that may not be justified.

The slave party treats the Bible exactly as it does the Constitution. The whole meaning and scope are ignored, in order to make a fight upon a doubtful word or phrase. Does Bishop Hopkins seriously wish to see in the United States the polity and civilization of the ancient tribes in Judea? Does he propose, since he gives his right hand to Calhoun, to insist upon Brigham Young's taking his left? Solomon was called the wisest of men. Does the Bishop think it logically follows that a man grows in wisdom as he increases his hareem, and that perfect wisdom requires a man to have, like Solomon, seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines?

It is just as logical to say that as to say that a man may rightfully buy and sell human beings, and tear children from parents, and wives from husbands, and scourge them to work without wages, and deny them all mental light, and doom them to abject submission to a despotic will, because the old Jews held slaves. Nor can we see the force of the argument which commends slavery to a Christian because Abraham had slaves, when Christ had none. To say that he did not forbid it is to quibble, because verbally he condemned very few sins. Did he condemn burning a neighbor's barn? No; no more than he condemned enslaving him. But he bade us love our neighbor as ourselves; and he told us that all men were our neighbors.

The Bishop of Vermont announces a book in which he proposes to establish the right of slavery from the Bible. Let him be entreated. He is judged in advance. The Eastern criminal did not know until he moved that his head had been sliced off, so smoothly had the sharp sword cut it. Does the good Bishop not know that he has been taken upon a toasting-fork and scorched at the fire of common-sense?

FREEDMEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ONE of the chief works to which the country will henceforth have to devote itself is the care of the colored race. General Grant has sent Chaplain Fiske, of the Fourth Minnesota Volunteers, to lay before the public the condition and wants of the black refugees in his Department, and from Mr. Fiske's account it appears that there are forty or fifty thousand between Helena and Natchez, upon the Mississippi, who need immediate aid. As our armies advance, and the blacks are able to reach our lines, the capable men enter the service as soldiers, teamsters, or otherwise. But the women, the children, and the infirm are sorely pinched. They come from deserted plantations, and bring only their children and the clothes upon their backs. The Government gives them scanty rations, as it does to all loyal refugees, but these people need shelter and clothing. They must have them, or they will perish by hundreds during the winter.

Nobody need fear that this is a great mass of permanent pauperism. In General Saxton's Department, in South Carolina, the colored people, not yet two years free, are nearly self-supporting, needing only aid for their schools and churches. The colony on Roanoke Island, under charge of Rev. Horace James, is rapidly advancing toward self-support; while General Thomas shows that the leased plantations have been worked to a profit under very disadvantageous circumstances.

Nobody supposed that a system of slavery, which has plunged the country into so terrible a war, although inevitably destroyed in the struggle, could disappear without imposing enormous suffering upon the slaves and vast responsibility upon the country. Upon the innocent and defenseless people, to perpetuate whose slavery the war is waged by the rebels, falls the sharp pang inseparable from their liberation. But the call is therefore all the more stirring to every loyal soul in the land to do what he can to lighten the burden. It is not the nature and character of the colored man, but of the white man, that has made the negro so fruitful a source of woe to the country. We all pay the penalty of the wrong to which we all consented. And having resolved that the national flag shall be henceforth the symbol of liberty and not of slavery; that no brave hand shall be repelled because of its color; that all faithful human hearts shall beat together for the maintenance of the Union, which is the sole hope of peace and liberty—here is the way opened to every man, woman, and child in which something may be at once and effectively done.

As soon as land which they can cultivate can be provided for the freed people along the Mississippi, and secured from rebel raids, the contraband camps will be cleared, and their old laborers will take care of themselves. But until then, during this bitter winter, they must be helped. Send warm clothing to C. C. Leigh, No. 1 Mercer Street, and money to Joseph B. Collins, 40 Wall Street; or, if preferred, to Chaplain Fiske, care of F. G. Shaw, 86 Trinity Building, New York.

STARVATION.

THE Government is anxiously considering what shall be done to relieve the suffering of our men in the hands of the rebels. That they are pinched and starving there can be no doubt. That it is the duty of the Government to succor them is equally clear. How shall it be done?

Retaliation in kind is impossible. We can not torture prisoners to death. If we were fighting Indians we could not scalp nor roast the captives whom we took, although our captured friends would be tormented; nor, fighting with other barbarians, can we starve our prisoners because they starve theirs. They do not do it intentionally, perhaps, but that does not help the matter. It would be no excuse for murdering our men that the rebels had not jails enough to contain them. If they can not keep prisoners decently, they have no right to hold them.

It seems possible and practicable for the Government to ascertain exactly the condition of the mass of our captured men. Should it prove to be what is so universally represented, might the President not demand of the rebel authorities fair treatment for the prisoners upon pain of retaliation, and announce that a certain number of rebel prisoners in our hands were held as hostages for that good treatment, failing which they were to be shot? We are surely not obliged to tolerate the torture of Union prisoners because we wage the war so strictly that the rebel supplies fail. Every soldier liable to be captured must be assured by the action of the Government that he shall not be starved, or hung, or roasted, without instant vengeance upon the tormentors. If, as is very likely, the rebellion becomes even more savage as it becomes desperate, let it understand that it will be held to the strictest account for every wanton crime.

"ONE GRAVE."

We marched across the stormy isle with strong and fearless tread,
Though worn with toil and scantily supplied with warfare-bread;
No stimulant but blood that burned our suffering race to save—
Following with joy our youthful chief to Freedom or the grave.

The post of honor he had claimed—that post for us had won—
To lead the van at Death's right hand, where bloodiest deeds are done;
Foremost to pay Oppression's debt—ages of lash and chain—
With the fierce cross of bayonet, the musket's deadly rain.

Six hundred yards from Wagner's fort the storming parties rest,
High courage kindling every eye and arming every breast.
"Now, men, arise!" our Colonel cries, "and show your manhood's worth;
Follow my path through life or death! Forward the Fifty-fourth!"

Then poured upon the dauntless heads of our advancing band
A fire more dread than rained of yore on Sodom's fated land—
From Sumter's murder-waking throat, from Wagner's death-fraught hold,
From batteries near and points remote the iron deluge rolled:

Sulphurous flames from countless guns illumed the grim night air—
No fitful flash, but blazing on with one continuous glare!
We staggered not—we halted not for wounded friend or dead—
Through scourging shell and hissing shot fast *toward* the foe we sped.

"Onward, my boys!" our leader's voice rings cheerily o'er the storm;
"We'll gain the parapet, and there your shattered ranks re-form:
Onward, my friends, my heroes, come, for every human right—
For kindred, country, hearth and home, honor and freedom, fight!"

Rushing, as lions spring through fire, we gain the parapet,
In view of all the rebel crew the starry banner set.
"Now, hand to hand!" our leader cries, "what though some brave men fall?
Above their grave that flag shall wave which frees and guards us all!"

"Onward!" Ah me! I saw him lie beside me where I fell,
While bellowing o'er us shrieked and roared the thunder-bolts of hell!
From Sumter's treason-tainted walls, from Wagner's sand-built hold,
Through files of living, piles of dead, the fiery tempest rolled.

I strove to grasp his gallant hand—to raise his head once more—
"Onward!" That word had cleared his way to the eternal shore.
What hopes went down with him? But yet no step we backward gave;
Our blood was pledged to him—with him—for freedom or the grave.

Around him drew the rebel crew with curse and gibe and jeer.
"That Yankee dog!—we'll bury him beneath his negroes dear:
We'll dig a pit for twenty-one, and him the lowest lay,
A score of blacks above his head to keep him down for aye."

O! glorious grave! what monument of marble rich and fair
Can with that wealth of loyal blood and faithful hearts compare?
"Ære perennius"—sacrum sit! No tomb beneath the sun
Shall true men honor more than that which holds the Twenty-one.

"Ære perennius!" They shall live in many a deathless song:
Renown shall lift their names from out the unnamed heroic throng:
Embalmed with their devoted chief in everlasting fame,
What nobler resting-place than *his* could saint or hero claim?

"Ære perennius!" Monuments rock-sculptured fade away,
But there are deeds whose praise shall live through heaven's unclosing day.
Martyrs for Truth and Right Divine! to God your souls ye gave,
And pledged your blood—and kept the pledge—for freedom or the grave.

A. N.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

A Frenchman of distinction wrote some time since that he hoped the United States Government would give Louis Napoleon time to reflect, and decide calmly what to do in Mexico. It was an unnecessary wish, for the Government of this country has given the whole world the opportunity of seeing that we mean to maintain our own, and that we shall not be swift to fight with any other nation.

Louis Napoleon has stopped the rams, and he alludes only casually to our affairs in his speech. He hopes that the rule of Maximilian may be beneficial to Mexico. But what Louis Napoleon means to do he does not state. Probably he does not know. He is governed, like every sagacious ruler, by events. Very possibly, also, he wishes that he had not gone to Mexico. Can he seat Maximilian and then withdraw his army? Will Maximilian, if the French army remains, be more than a satrap of Louis Napoleon's? Will the United States consent to the permanent establishment of France upon its least secure frontier? These are questions that every man asks and no man answers.

The *Westminster Review* sees in the Mexican expedition a conquest by France dangerous to the peace of the world. The United States Government can see in it nothing but a movement which assumed its own destruction. None of us can see in the permanent French occupation any thing but a constant menace. True, Mexico is not our country. True, it is desirable that a strong, steady Government should be established there. But if it were wise for us forty years ago to declare that Europe could not interfere in the private affairs of Mexico without endangering our peace, is it any less true or wise now? Where is the difference between the interference of the Holy Alliance to give Mexico a proper government and the interference of Louis Napoleon to do the same thing, especially at a time when his immediate neighbors within our borders are now alienated from their Government, and openly declare that they will seek the protection of France rather than submit?

If what is known as the Monroe Doctrine be well founded—and it is merely the application to this continent of the great modern principle that nations must be allowed to settle their own internal quarrels—it certainly is no less true now and here than it has always been. It is a principle which secures to poor and declining nations the advantage of foreign aid only at their own request and by peaceful negotiation. It is a principle which puts an end to wars of conquest and invasion. It is a principle which combines the great civilized powers to guard all against the excesses of any. So long as this principle is wise and just the French conquest of Mexico threatens the world.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.

General Burnside is still in the field, although the *Providence Journal* announces that he is coming home, and it is stated, without contradiction, that he had asked to be relieved. If it be true, all loyal hearts will hear it with sorrow, and follow him into the retirement which his health demands with the warmest prayers and good wishes. From the moment that the country first saw him upon the battle-field of Bull Run it watched him, through the glorious campaign in North Carolina, in the fiery storm at Fredericksburg, at the head of the column which brought hope and life to the faithful hearts among the Tennessee mountains, and in all scenes and events, whether fortune frowned or favored, it has seen the same single-hearted devotion, the same bravery, the same soldierly skill, the same purity, fervor, and honor, and breathes its benediction, which history will delight to repeat and prolong—"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

What thwarting jealousies and official hostility he has had to encounter none of us can say. The day at Fredericksburg is the darkest in his record. Yet when the story of that day shall be faithfully written, we do not believe that General Burnside will be found guilty. Like all leaders, however, he knew that he was to be judged by success, and when his second great movement was thwarted by the weather he did not hesitate to ask to be relieved. He has had no party to portray him as a martyr, but his character and conduct assured his readiness to take any post of duty and fill it like a hero. His arrest of Vallandigham seemed at the time hardly wise; but he was wiser than his critics, and it is to him we owe the historic proof that a popular Government, in the stress of actual war, may stop the mouth of an enemy of free speech without endangering the great principle of free speech itself. The howl that followed the arrest, and which pretended to resent a blow at a fundamental right, was merely the cry of a faction disappointed in their hope of destroying every fundamental right whatever.

The tried and true soldier goes home. Home to his family, to his friends, to the little State in which he lives, and which loves and honors him. The little State has the proud right of claiming some of our greatest names as hers. But as she calls the roll on which those of Greene and Perry shine, she will not forget the later lustre of that of Burnside.

LITERARY.

A very beautiful, legible, and complete family Bible is the Pictorial Bible issued by the Harpers. It is most copiously and picturesquely illuminated and illustrated. It has the concordance, chronologies, tables, lists, and records which belong to such a work. As the holy-tide approaches and the publishers put forth their prettiest works, this noble edition of the Book of Books will not be forgotten.

One of the most extraordinary episodes of the war which has excited comparatively little attention, as the earthquake "reeled unheededly away," during the battle at Lake Thrasymene, is *The Sioux War and Massacres of* 1862 and 1863. The History of this outbreak has just been published by the Harpers. It is written by Isaac V. D. Heard, who was engaged in General Sibley's expedition, and who acted as Recorder of the Military Commission which tried some four hundred of the offenders. The work is a brief but complete and thrilling history. It details the causes and course of this fearful outbreak, finding the real cause mainly in our bad faith and eternal fraud toward them, their own sufferings, and the stories told by our enemies of continued and hopeless disasters in Virginia. It is a very grim tale, exciting, instructive, and well told.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The appointment by the authorities at Washington of Major-General John A. Logan to the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps gives great satisfaction to the Army of the Mississippi and all Union-loving citizens. He is a worthy successor of General Sherman, and the position he is about to assume has been nobly won.

Colonel William Myers, Aid-de-Camp and Assistant-Quarter-master of the United States Army, is announced as the chief Quarter-master at Washington, in place of General Allen. It is supposed the entire quarter-master's business of the West will be transferred to Louisville. Large quantities of stores are being shipped to the frontier for the equipment of Kansas men now entering the army.

The citizens of Troy on 18th November presented Colonel William B. Tibbits, commanding the Twenty-first Regiment New York Volunteer (Griswold) Cavalry, with a magnificent sword. The presentation took place at the residence of Hon. John C. Griswold, member of Congress elect from the Rensselaer and Washington district, and was witnessed by Major-General John E. Wool, United States Army, and a large number of the influential citizens of Troy and vicinity. In the presentation speech complimentary allusions were made to the gallantry of Colonel Tibbits, who, as Captain and Major in the old Second New York Volunteers, behaved most gallantly throughout the two years' service at New Market Bridge, Big Bethel, Bristoe Station, and Chancellorsville.

Commander Harrel has been detached from the command of the *Maratanza*, and ordered to the command of the *Chickopee*.

Lieutenant-Commander Milton Hoxton has been ordered to the command of the *Maratanza*.

Lieutenant-Commander Henry Erben, Jun., has been detached from special duty at New York city, and ordered on board the *Niagara*.

Lieutenant-Commander John G. Barnes has been detached from the *Niagara*, and ordered as fleet captain of the North Atlantic blockading squadron.

The Sixth Army Corps, Major-General Sedgwick commanding, was reviewed near Brandy Station on 20th November.

Admiral Shubrick fell suddenly ill on 20th November, and before any, excepting his most intimate friends, were aware of it, his case assumed a serious aspect. Under the treatment of his physicians he has rallied and is now pronounced out of danger, though requiring great care. He entered the navy in 1806, and, though on the retired list by the operation of the law of 1861, he has been continued in active service, and is now President of the Light-house Board.

By a recent order from the Quarter-master-General of the United States Army, Brigadier-General Robert Allen, late chief in charge of the Quarter-master Department of the West, has been removed to Louisville to establish an office there.

Major Brua Cameron, Paymaster United States Army, and son of ex-Secretary of War Cameron; Captain Cornelius Hook, First United States Artillery; Captain J. H. Carlisle, Second United States Artillery; and First Lieutenant Frank E. Brownell (Ellsworth's avenger), Eleventh United States Infantry, having been found by a board to be physically disabled for duty, have been retired from the service, and the President has approved the findings.

General Meredith, having recovered from his injuries at Gettysburg, resumed command of the First division of the First corps on 14th ult., and General Cutler returns to his brigade.

The rebel Brigadier-General H. H. Sibley was tried before a court-martial at Shreveport, Louisiana, during September last, for disobedience of orders and unofficer-like conduct. The indictment bore five specifications, and although he was acquitted of the charges of actual disobedience, still he was severely censured by the Court for want of diligence in the cause he represented.

General Butler, in his first walk at Fortress Monroe, was astonished at meeting a rebel officer looking at a parade of our troops. It was General Fitz-Hugh Lee. On being told that he enjoyed the liberty of Old Point, General Butler sharply expressed his disapproval of such a reprehensible courtesy. The next day Lee made a voyage to Fort Lafayette.

Captain Nathaniel Irish, of Hampton's battery of artillery, Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was, under General Order No. 249, dismissed the service, has been restored to his command.

Captain Thomas G. Baylor, Ordnance Corps, Army of the Cumberland, is announced as Chief of Ordnance of General Thomas's army, *vice* Captain Horace Porter, relieved. In announcing the change, General Thomas, in an official order, pays the following handsome compliment to Captain Porter:

"The General commanding takes this occasion to express his appreciation with this army. His thorough knowledge of the duties of his position, his good judgment and untiring industry have increased the efficiency of the army, and entitle him to the thanks of the General commanding."

Major Langdon C. Eastman, Quarter-master United States Army, has been assigned to duty as Acting Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Cumberland.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry C. Hodges, late Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Cumberland, has been assigned to duty as Dépôt Quarter-master at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He is ordered by the Secretary of War to hand over to Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Donaldson the public funds in his hands, and proceed, without delay, to Fort Leavenworth, and enter upon his duties.

By order of Major-General Thomas, officers of the United States Coast Survey, serving in the Army of the Cumberland, will assume the assimilated rank of Captain, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Major-General Hartsuff, commanding the Twentieth Army Corps, arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, on 20th ult. The change of position of the ball in his thigh, which he received at Antietam, disables him from active field duty for the present. He has been ordered to Cincinnati to preside over an important court-martial. The command of a District in the Department of the Ohio will probably be tendered him should his disability continue.

The Secretary of the Navy has made the motions:

Acting Master John A. Johnson, of the *Octorara*, to Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, for gallant service in capturing the English blockade-runner *John Williams*.

Acting Master Abraham N. Sould, of the *Honduras*, to the same position, for skill and vigilance in capturing the blockade-runner *Mail*.

Acting Ensign Courtlandt P. Williams to Acting Master, for gallant conduct in action.

The court-martial of which Colonel Tracey has lately acted as President, and Major Gaines Judge-Advocate, which was dissolved a day or two since, has been reconvened, and ordered to meet again. Its officers are unchanged. The case of Colonel M'Reynolds will be the first one to come before it.

Doubts having been expressed in regard to the truth of the statement that General Burnside was to be relieved of his command by General Foster, it may be stated that the order for the change was issued on the 16th inst. and General Burnside is ordered to report to the Adjutant-General in Washington.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE.

General Longstreet crossed the Tennessee River on 14th inst., and was met by General Burnside's forces, who, being inferior in numbers, fell back to Lenoir. The enemy appear to have pressed their attack during 15th and 16th. Burnside fell back to Campbell's Station, where, being outflanked by the enemy, he withdrew under cover of his batteries, and by their well-directed fire drove the enemy back. By slow retrogressive movements, constantly harassed by the enemy, General Burnside fell back on Knoxville on the morning of 17th.

In Washington no apprehension is felt for the safety of Burnside's command, or of his ability to hold the city until relieved by General Grant, who, since the junction of Sherman's with Thomas's force, has ample means at his disposal for so doing. Burnside has notified the people of Knoxville that he intends to hold the place.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There is no change in the Army of the Potomac. The different corps occupy the same positions which they did ten days ago. The enemy are working like beavers on their defenses at the Rapidan. Meade's troops are in good spirits, and eager for a fight. Mosby's guerrillas made a dash on a party of our cavalry near Bealton Station on 21st, and carried off three commissary wagons. They were pursued as far as Thoroughfare Gap, and five of them captured. There are reports of a movement of the Army of the Potomac which are not yet confirmed.

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

The occupation of Brownsville, Texas, which is now held by General Banks, appears to have been dictated by some very urgent reasons. An attempt to revolutionize the district of Tamaulipas, which includes Matamoras and the mouth of the Rio Grande, by the Mexican chief Miramon handing it over to the French, was frustrated by the timely appearance of General Banks. The presence of the Union troops drove General Cobas, the ally of Miramon, to the other side of the river, where he fell into the hands of Cortinas, who defeated him, and shot him as a traitor. Three revolutions occurred in one week on the Mexican frontier of the Rio Grande in the regular Mexican fashion; but the position which General Banks now occupies secures to the United States the port of Matamoras without embroiling us in a foreign war, as might have been the case if the Tamaulipas country had been handed over to French rule.

CHARLESTON.

The sea-wall of Fort Sumter is entirely destroyed, and the rebels are constructing bomb-proof buildings on the ruins. The firing on the fort was still going on at latest dates. During the night of 22d the Monitor *Lehigh*, while on picket duty near Fort Sumter, got aground. Daylight discovered her position to the enemy, who at once begun a furious fire upon her, both from James and Sullivan's Island. Three other Monitors—the *Montauk*, *Passaic*, and *Nahant*—moved up to aid her by command of Admiral Dahlgren. The Admiral boarded the *Nahant*, and called for volunteers to carry a hawser to the *Lehigh*. Out of the number who offered themselves, the surgeon and two sailors were accepted, and proceeded on their desperate mission under a tremendous fire. After three attempts they succeeded in getting a line fast to the *Lehigh*, and at the turn of the tide the *Nahant* towed her off. Admiral Dahlgren promoted the two seamen on the spot to the rank of petty officers. Commander Bryson, of the *Lehigh*, and the executive officer, Lieutenant Hopkins, were both wounded.

FOOD FOR THE PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

Large quantities of provisions and medical stores have been forwarded to the Union prisoners at Richmond, and no anxiety need be entertained as regards their condition so long as the rebel authorities permit the distribution of the supplies among them. There has been some delay in forwarding the stores, owing to the lack of transportation from City Point to the rebel capital; but this difficulty we are assured has been overcome.

HOW MANY PRISONERS HAVE WE?

It is stated semi-officially from Washington that we have thirty-four thousand rebel prisoners in our possession.

A KNAVE PUNISHED.

John K. Stetler, in violation of honesty and his sworn agreement to furnish the army with 100,000 pounds of pure Rio coffee, undertook to make a fortune at the cost of poisoning the soldiers by furnishing an adulterated and vile compound, which would neither stand the test of human stomachs nor the severer ordeal of a chemical analysis. The Government, upon the discovery of the shameful knavery, caused Stetler to be arrested, and the case having been submitted to the summary arbitrament of a court-martial, resulted in the sentence of the prisoner to five years' imprisonment at Albany, New York.

ELECTION IN DELAWARE.

Nathaniel B. Smithers, Unconditional Union, has been elected to Congress by the State of Delaware. All passed off quietly, the Secession sympathizers refusing to vote. Thus little Delaware takes her place in the line of Loyal States.

NEGROES IN SERVICE.

There have been, up to the present time, forty thousand negroes armed and mustered into the service of the Government.

SOUTHERN PRICES.

Southern papers say that $800 is not considered too high a price for a lady's bonnet; that a barrel of flour is worth $130; while coal beats our famine prices, two tons selling for $1000.

MR. BEECHER AT HOME.

On Sunday morning the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached his first sermon since his return from Europe in his church. The house was filled—the passage ways, even further than the speaker's voice could be heard, were crowded, and hundreds who did not arrive before the hour for services to begin were obliged to go away, unable to obtain admission.

DESERTERS FROM BRAGG'S ARMY.

We learn from Chattanooga that desertions from the rebel army are now more numerous than at any time since the expulsion of Bragg from Middle Tennessee. The demoralization of the rebels increases daily. On the other hand, General Grant's troops are in splendid spirits. Reenlistments in the veteran corps are more numerous than was expected, and it is said on good authority that not less than four-fifths of the entire force will re-enter the army for the new term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A SPEECH BY LORD PALMERSTON.

Lord Palmerston made a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, in the course of which he asserted that England would have interfered in the American war but for the belief that it would have been in vain. England intended, he said, to remain strictly neutral. Mr. Villiers, a leading supporter of the Cabinet, made a speech in behalf of the Federal Government.

THE PIRATE "ALEXANDRA."

The Attorney-General, on November 5, applied to the Court of Exchequer for a rule for a new trial in the *Alexandra* case. He asked for it on the ground of misdirection, or, at least, imperfect direction, on the part of the judge, and that the verdict was against the weight of the evidence. It was stipulated by the court before the argument that the bill of exceptions should be abandoned, that the judge's version of his direction should be received, and that no appeal should be made from the decision of the court except upon a matter of law. The Attorney-General accepted these conditions, and argued in favor of a rule being granted. The court acceded to the application.

FRANCE.

THE PROPOSED CONGRESS.

Napoleon's proposed European Congress absorbed universal attention, and it was supposed that it would be generally agreed to. Fifteen Powers have been invited to participate in the deliberations.

AUSTRIA.

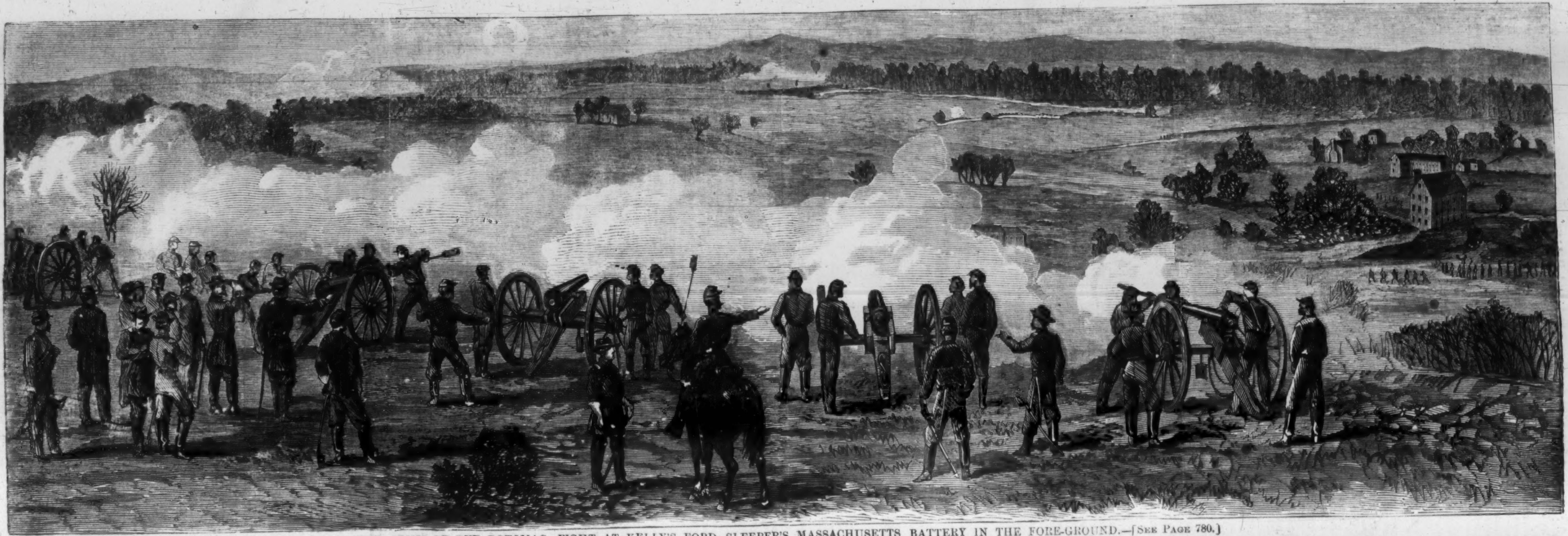
MAXIMILIAN ON HIS TRAVELS.

The Emperor-elect of Mexico will set out for Mexico City about February, 1864. Two Austrian war vessels were ordered to make ready for a long voyage, and it was supposed they were to convey Maximilian, the Archduchess, and their respective suites across the Atlantic. The Archduke is to review his former command of the Austrian navy by way of a farewell.

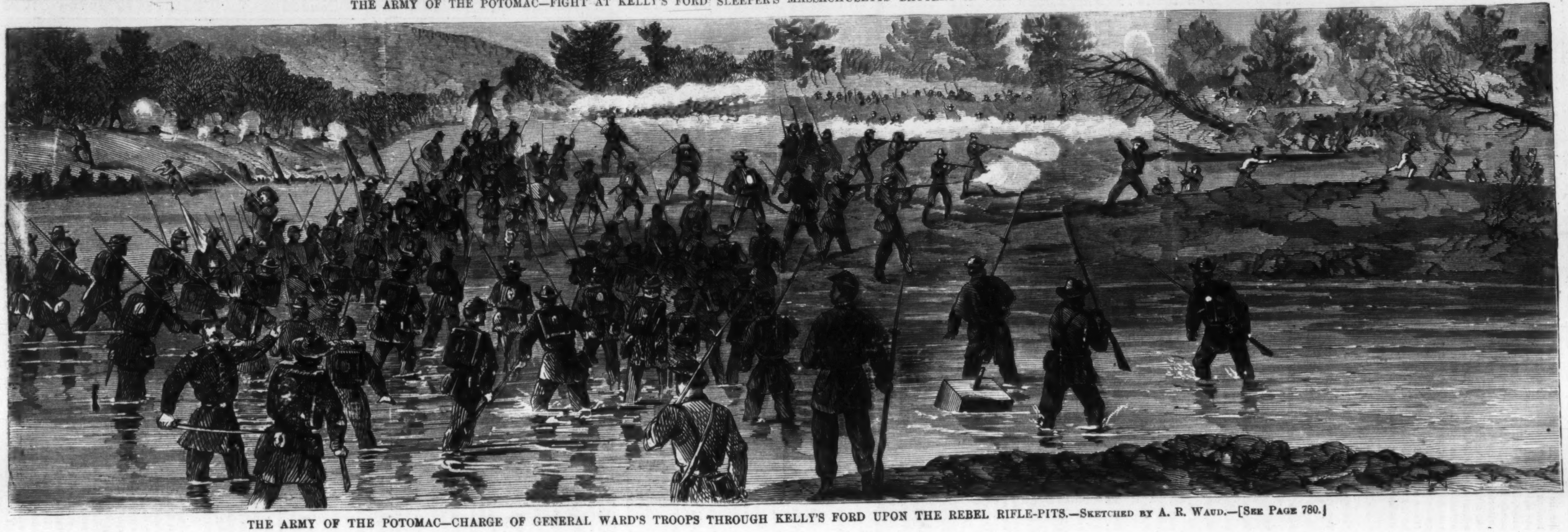
GREECE.

THE NEW KING.

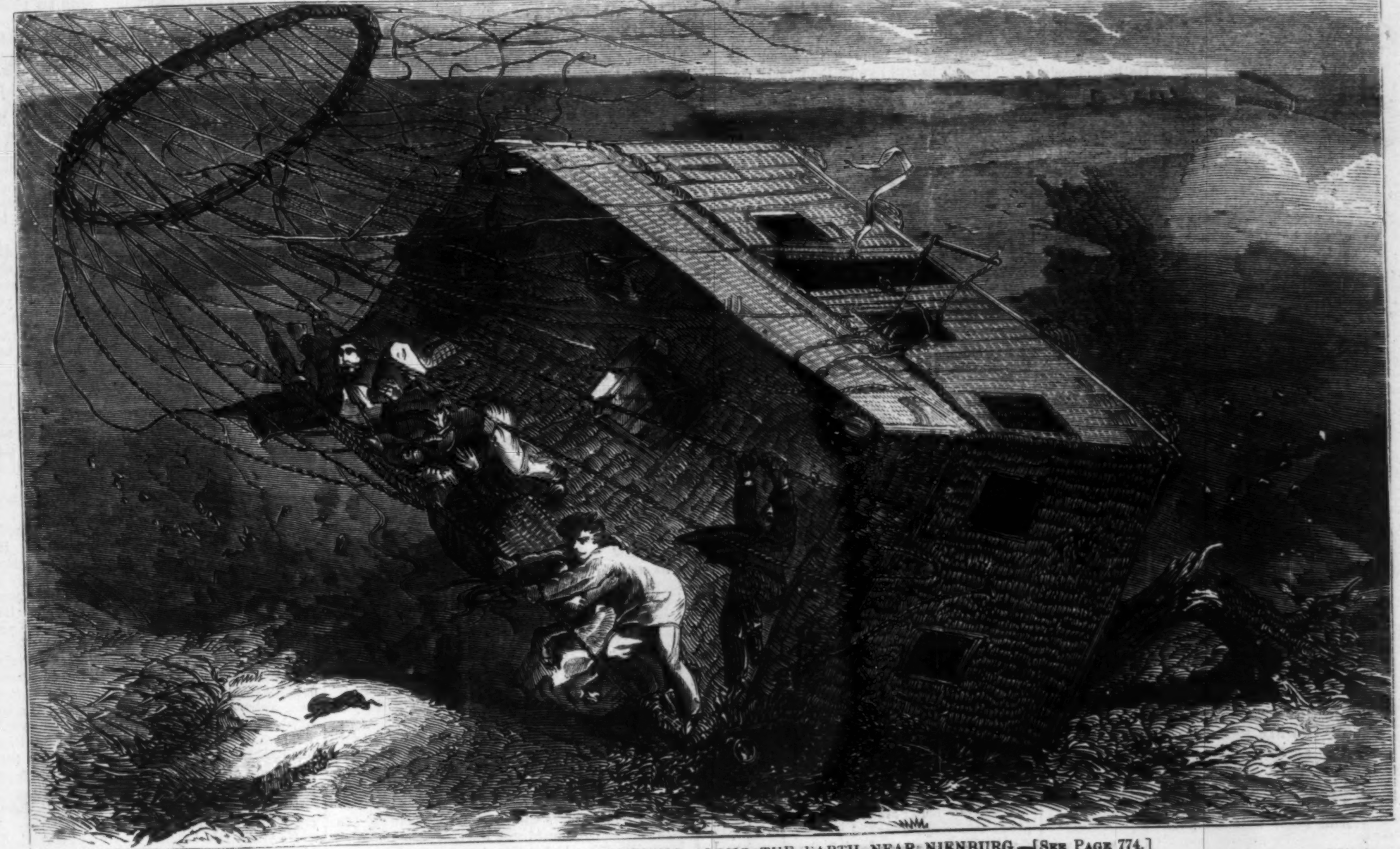
The young King of the Greeks immediately on arriving in his new capital issued a proclamation. He declares that he brings no special ability and no trained intelligence to the task of governing the country, but that he has a sincere love for the people, that he will surround himself with the best advisers entirely irrespective of parties, and that he will strictly observe the Constitution. Thus actuated, and thus acting, he hopes to make Greece "the model State of the East."



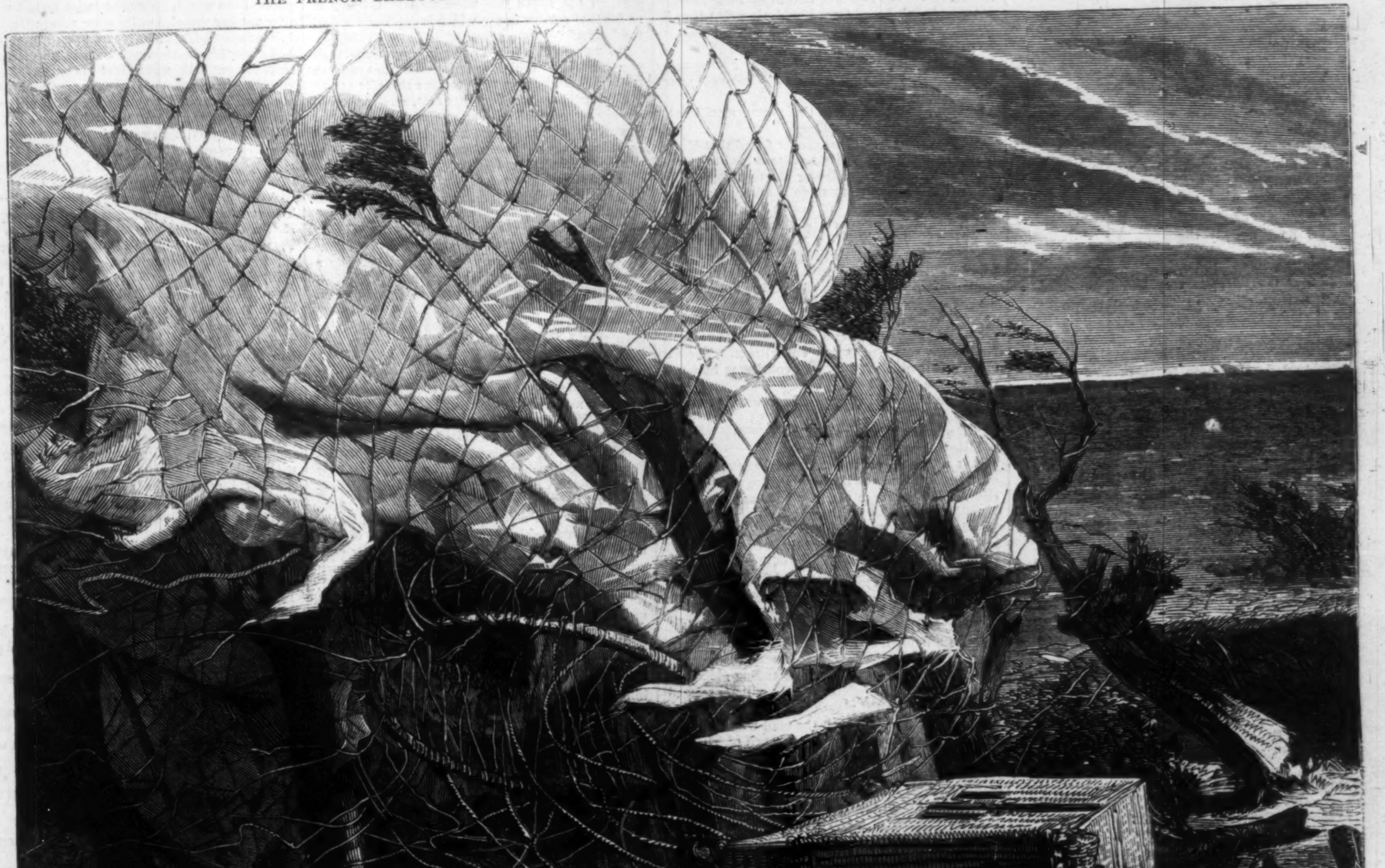
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—FIGHT AT KELLY'S FORD SLEEPER'S MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY IN THE FORE-GROUND.—[See Page 780.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CHARGE OF GENERAL WARD'S TROOPS THROUGH KELLY'S FORD UPON THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 780.]



THE FRENCH BALLOON "LE GEANT" SWEEPING ALONG THE EARTH NEAR NIENBURG.—[See Page 774.]



THE BALLOON CAUGHT IN A FOREST—ATTEMPTS OF THE AERONAUTS TO ESCAPE.—[See Page 774.]

THE FRENCH BALLOON "LE GEANT."

WE devote page 773 to illustrations of the recent perilous balloon adventure of M. Nadar, the French aeronaut, who has made himself famous by his ascents in his balloon *Le Géant*. He had already made a voyage of several hundred miles in his balloon, and landed his party, consisting of twelve men and one lady—the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne—safely in Germany. On this latter occasion he was accompanied by several gentlemen, and his wife, Madame Nadar. While crossing the line into Germany, at an altitude of 1000 yards, a storm struck the balloon and drove it forward at the rate of 200 miles an hour. The aeronauts tried to descend, but the balloon's course could not be checked. It knocked down chimneys, trees, whatever it encountered in its headlong course, and it seemed certain that death would be the fate of the intrepid voyagers. Sometimes it struck the ground, then, springing upward, it would rise into the clouds, with the apparent velocity of a rocket, dashing its occupants from side to side with fearful force. At length, near Newburg, in Hanover, the gas had escaped sufficiently to enable the travelers to grapple some trees in a forest against which their vehicle had been driven. Here, with the exception of some violent flapping from side to side, it remained stationary long enough to let the travelers descend by means of the cordage. During the process the car upset, and caught Madame Nadar under one of its edges. She was with difficulty rescued from this perilous situation; and the wounded, almost crippled travelers, were at length enabled to go home—wiser and sorer people.

We all remember the balloon mania in this country—the voyages of Wise, Lamountain, and others; and just now are not inclined to further experiments in that line.

I'D LIKE TO AID THE SOLDIERS.

I'D like to aid the soldiers,
Yes, I'd like to knit and sew;
But in all the army's rank and file
There's nobody I know,
There's nobody I know;
For Willie Warner got exempt,
And Peter wouldn't go.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
But I have no time at all;
For what is left of other things
Is too exceeding small—
'Tis too exceeding small
To do the soldiers any good,
And then—I want it all.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
But there's nothing I can spare;
I've things that might make dressing-gowns,
But nothing I can't wear,
No—nothing I can't wear;
And pray why should I fret myself?
I have nobody there.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
But my purse is very lean;
And with all my furbelows to buy—
You'd know just what I mean,
You'd know just what I mean;
It costs so much to live in style,
And dress one to be seen.

I'd like to aid the soldiers,
If I could as well as not;
And I'm willing every body else
Should give them all they've got—
Yes, give them all they've got;
And I'd send them my good wishes—
'Tis really all I ought.

FARMER HAYDEN'S THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THE cars stopped at a little station on the Vermont Central Railroad. Twenty or more persons stepped out upon the platform, and proceeded to fill the stage which was drawn up just behind the dépôt. As the latter was the only building in sight, the road to it winding among forest trees that stretched their gaunt limbs, despoiled of summer foliage, so as in some instances to form an arch over the narrow avenue, it was only natural to wonder how the dépôt came to be located in such an out-of-the-way place. On this point it can only be said that railroad corporations are occasionally guilty of little eccentricities, and like to accommodate the public in their own way.

Among the twenty-odd passengers there was one who stood apart from the rest—a stout, sun-burnt young man—who appeared to have no acquaintance among his fellow-travelers. Occasionally a glance of curiosity was directed toward him, but no one recognized him.

"I think I'll get up and ride on the seat with you," he said, addressing Abner, the driver.

"All right, Sir—plenty of room," was the reply. The young man mounted to his elevated seat.

"Ever been this way before?" asked Abner, with a side-glance in which he took a mental inventory of the stranger's "points."

"Yes, some time since," was the brief reply.

"Know many people in Carleton?"

"Not many. I suppose there have been some changes within—say the last half-dozen years."

"Well, a few," said Abner, reflectively. "Sam Hastings has been to California and come home with a pile of money."

"Indeed!" commented the young man, indifferently. "I think I remember him. He lived near Farmer Hayden's, didn't he?"

"Yes; and speaking of changes, there's been changes in that family."

"Eh?" said the young man, sharply. Then, in a more moderate tone, "What changes do you refer to?"

"Well, he's lost his property, for one thing."

"Doesn't he still live on the farm?" demanded the passenger, hastily.

"Yes; but he isn't like to live on it long."

"How is that?"

"Oh, it's a long story, but the upshot of it is that he signed for his brother-in-law and had to pay. So he was obliged to mortgage the farm. Sam Hastings had just come home from California with plenty of cash, and came forward very generously, as every body thought, and offered to lend the money on mortgage, promising to let it stand as long as Farmer Hayden liked. His offer was very thankfully accepted. A little while after Sam began to pay attentions to Mary Hayden—the sweetest girl in all Carleton, as every body knows."

"How did Mary—I mean Miss Hayden—receive his attentions?" asked the young man.

"She would not receive them at all. She never liked Sam, and though she didn't say so outright, she gave him to understand it in plenty of other ways."

"How did he take it?"

"Badly enough. If you ever knew Sam, you know he's got plenty of 'grit:' and he no sooner found that Mary wouldn't have any thing to say to him than he vowed that she should. You see he had an advantage over her in the hold he had upon her father."

"Was there any particular reason for Miss Hayden's not liking young Hastings?"

"I surmise there was, though I'm not sure. You see there used to be a young man in Carleton that she took a notion to."

"Indeed!"

"His name was John Patten. I remember him as a bright boy, but full of mischief. He used to help Farmer Hayden on the farm. But he never liked farming; and one day he packed up his things and left the village, saying that he was going to sea. I don't think he's been heard of since. Most likely he got shipwrecked on some foreign coast and lost his life."

"And what reason have you for thinking that Miss Hayden liked him?"

"She was about sixteen when he went off; he about two years older. Let me see—it must be five years ago. After he left she seemed sort of lonely, and didn't look like herself for some time."

"She hasn't heard from him during that time," repeated the young man, in a low tone—"that is strange!"

"She may have heard from him, but I guess not. Look out for that limb, Sir, or it'll take off your hat!"

"You were speaking of this young man Hastings—how he took her coldness."

"Oh yes. Well, he no sooner found that Mary would not marry him than he determined to persecute her father by foreclosing the mortgage. To make it worse, he means to do it to-morrow—that is, Thanksgiving-day. So unless Farmer Hayden has the money ready for him to-morrow he must leave the farm."

"Isn't there any one willing to lend the amount to an old man," exclaimed the passenger, indignantly, "and thus aid in frustrating this scoundrel's knavery?"

"Well, there's many that would like to do it," said the driver, whipping up his horses; "but there isn't much ready money in our village. There's old Slack is able enough, but you know he's nothing but a miser."

"Then Farmer Hayden has been unable to raise this money?"

"He hadn't this morning."

"How does he bear it?"

"It makes the old man sorrowful enough. He's even been so far as to implore Hastings to be merciful. But the mean skunk won't budge an inch. It will be a sad day for the whole village when the Hayden farm falls into his hands. But here we are, Sir! That's the spire of the orthodox church rising above the trees. Where will you stop?"

"I shall stop at the tavern. I feel quite interested in your story. So the mortgage is to be foreclosed to-morrow?"

"Yes, Sir."

With a flourish of his whip Abner drew up the stage in front of the tavern. It was a long, two-story building, with a piazza extending along the front. Half the population of the village seemed to be standing on the piazza waiting for the stage, whose regular arrival with the mail was the great event of the day. The near approach of Thanksgiving, with its expected guests, made the assemblage to-night larger than usual.

Abner took the mail-bag from a nest of trunks and bandboxes on the top of the stage, and dropped it into the hands of a small boy who was waiting to receive it. The passengers, cramped by their ride, got out and stretched their limbs. Hearty greetings were exchanged with friends who were present to meet them. Trunks and bandboxes were transferred to waiting carriages; and one party after another disappeared to find a hospitable welcome in one or another of the neat but unpretending dwellings of Carleton.

But for the young man in whom we feel the greatest interest there was no one in waiting. He had his luggage conveyed to a quiet chamber in the tavern, and after a short interval came down to supper. He said little, and dropped no hint of the business which called him to Carleton at a season which most persons like to spend among friends and relatives.

Three quarters of a mile from the tavern was the Hayden farm. It comprised about fifty acres, a part only being arable land. The wants of the occupants being few and simple, Farmer Hayden had been able to make a comfortable living from it till compelled to raise money on mortgage. Though fifteen hundred dollars may seem a small sum to many the interest was felt as a heavy burden by the farmer, and compelled him to the closest economy. As for laying up money to pay it off that was out of the question. But he had hoped that something might turn up to enable him to retain possession of the homestead in which he and his father before him had first opened their eyes to the light.

It was a sorrowful group that gathered about the fire-place in the family room on Thanksgiving-eve. Farmer Hayden sat in a straight-backed chair deep in thought, his eyes fixed mournfully upon the logs that crackled in the wide fire-place. He was a tall man of sixty, but so bowed with a life of labor that he looked older. His hair had whitened rapidly since his troubles commenced, and this too added to his apparent age. At the opposite side of the hearth sat his wife, gentle Martha Hayden, with her mild benevolent face. To-night, indeed, a shadow reflected from her husband's face dimmed the light that beamed from her serious eyes. She was "toeing off" a stocking for her husband, but it was easy to see that her knitting was mechanical, and her heart was not in her work.

Mary Hayden sat at the white deal table that stood in the centre of the room, with her head resting upon her hand. She too was occupied with sorrowful thoughts. She was a trim comely maiden with a clear complexion and cheeks like a peach. There was not a rustic beau within ten miles that did not admire her fresh beauty, and would not have accounted himself a fortunate man had her choice fallen upon him.

None of the trio seemed inclined to speak. At length Farmer Hayden lifted up his head wearily, and said, "This will be a sad Thanksgiving-day for us, Martha."

"Sad indeed, Benjamin," returned the wife; "I can hardly realize that this is the last day we are to spend in the old house."

"I've lived in it man and boy sixty-one years come next August," said the farmer, meditatively. "We were very happy here till—till the trouble came."

"It's the Lord's will, Benjamin; we must try to receive it with submissive hearts."

"Yes, Martha, but it will be a hard trial. Thirty-two years ago I brought you here. Here all our children have been born. Here, too, they have all died—all but Mary."

The girl at the table sobbed convulsively.

"No other place will seem like home to us. In our old age we must break the many ties that bind us to the dear old homestead, and go forth as strangers. I had hoped that when we left it, it would be for that narrow house which is appointed for all the living."

"Don't think of it, Benjamin, any more than you can help," said Martha. "He that sendeth trials will send us strength to bear them."

Slowly Mary rose from her seat, and approaching her father, said, with an uncertain voice, "Father, till to-night I did not know how hard it would be to leave the old homestead. I have no right to exact such a sacrifice from you. All the memories of a lifetime cluster for you beneath this roof. Ought I to pluck them up, and send forth homeless into the cold world those who from my infancy have sheltered and protected me?"

"What do you mean, Mary?" asked Farmer Hayden, lifting his head quickly and bending a questioning glance upon his daughter.

Mary paused a moment to recover resolution. "I mean this, father, that if Mr. Hastings will not forego his cruel purpose on any other condition than that I become his wife, I am ready to consent."

The temptation was a strong one. For a moment reviving hope lighted up the old man's eye, but for a moment only.

"No, Mary, not with my consent. Better that we wander homeless but united in affection than give you as wife to this man. The thought that you had sacrificed yourself to him would embitter my existence. No, much as I value the old homestead, let it go, so that I keep my child."

He was not a demonstrative man. It is the New England fashion to keep the impulses of family affection under strict control. Thus it is only when a great joy or a great sorrow throws down the barriers of habit that we have revealed in all its intensity the deep affection which lies concealed under a reserved exterior. Farmer Hayden had never offered to kiss his daughter since she was of an age to sit on his knee, but to-night a great affliction unsealed the fountains of his love, and he opened his arms. With a low cry Mary sprang into his embrace, and leaning her head against his shoulder, gave vent to her tears. But not for long. They were interrupted by a loud summons struck by the old-fashioned knocker, which for many a year had hung, a formidable appendage, upon the outer door.

The farmer gently put Mary away, and, rising, took the tallow-candle, and shielding it with one hand lest a current of air should extinguish it, walked to the front door. When it was opened he was somewhat surprised at seeing a stranger. In obedience to the dictates of politeness he invited him in. As there was a fire only in the family room, he at once led him into the presence of his wife and daughter. These he introduced simply. The visitor bowed.

"I am afraid, Mr. Hayden," he said, turning toward the farmer, "you must look upon my visit as an intrusion."

"Not at all, Sir," said the farmer, politely.

"You will pardon me for asking—I have only reached the village this evening—whether it is true, as I have heard, that you are about to be ejected from the farm which you have so long occupied?"

"I have lived here always, Sir. Yes, it is unhappily true. This is the last night we shall pass in the old house."

"And where shall you go?"

"I—we have not made our arrangements. A neighbor has kindly offered to accommodate us for a few days till we have time to look around a little. It has come upon us all very suddenly, so that we are hardly determined upon our plans for the future."

"It must be a great grief to you all. Is there no way of averting this calamity?"

"None. None, at least, that is practicable."

"It is the foreclosure of a mortgage, is it not? May I ask for what amount?"

"For fifteen hundred dollars. Besides this there is accrued interest to the amount of forty-five dollars."

"And for the lack of this you are to be ejected? Have you no friend who will lend you the money?"

"There are many who have the will, but not the power. We country farmers do not often have much money, Sir."

"Then I must come to your rescue. Mr. Hayden, you need be under no farther concern about this matter. I will lend you the money to cancel the mortgage, and you will remain, for many years I trust, in possession of the old Hayden farm."

Mrs. Hayden and Mary fixed their eyes in grateful surprise on the visitor. The farmer could hardly credit his ears.

"Do I understand you?" he said, slowly. "Do you mean that you will lend me the money to redeem my farm?"

"I will, Mr. Hayden," said the young man, quietly. "I have the money with me; and if you will be good enough to write a note for the amount, I will place it in your hands at once."

Farmer Hayden rose and grasped the stranger's hand. "How can I thank you sufficiently?" he said, in a tone tremulous with strong emotion. "You have given me new life and hope. How could I expect such kindness from an utter stranger?"

"Am I an utter stranger?" asked the young man, fixing his clear eyes upon the farmer. "Have you wholly forgotten the boy who for three years worked at your side and ate at your table?"

Mary started, and, half rising, looked eagerly at the visitor's face. The old man drew him hastily into the full light. "Yes, yes; it is John Patten!" he exclaimed. "Welcome home, John! I always liked you, and now I like you better than ever."

There were two more who greeted John Patten heartily. Mary turned red and white by turns, and shyly drew her hand away from his fervent pressure.

"But why haven't you written to us, John?" asked Mrs. Hayden.

He briefly told his story. He had embarked on board a merchant-ship, in which he visited various parts of the world. Once or twice he had written by a passing vessel, but for some reason the letters had miscarried. Three years passed in this way had given him a thorough knowledge of seamanship, but put little money into his purse. To remedy this, however, on a voyage to China he had the good fortune to save the life of an only child, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. The father, in testimony of his gratitude, had pressed upon him a large sum of money, which he had been unable to refuse. He landed at New York, determined to come at once to Carleton to visit his old friends. But the rebellion had already broken out. The great and rapid enlargement of the navy created a demand for competent officers. To John Patten the path of duty was clear. He offered his services to the Government, and was at once appointed sailing-master of a new vessel just ready for sea. Since then he had been on constant service in the blockading squadron, during which he had become entitled to a large amount of prize-money. At present injuries to the vessel to which he was attached had brought it to the Charlestown Navy-yard for repairs; and, for the first time since he entered the service, he was allowed a furlough. How he had improved it they could see. As to the money which he had offered, he had twice as much more, and could spare it easily.

"In that case, I will accept your generous offer without hesitation," said the farmer.

"But I must make one condition," said the young man. "You must have a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, and invite me to sit down with you."

"You shall be heartily welcome," returned the farmer. "Have you made any preparations for Thanksgiving, Martha?"

"No, Benjamin; you know we didn't expect to stay here."

"Then there is no time to be lost. Early in the morning I will ride over to the village, and get a turkey and every thing you will need."

"And the apples for the pies shall be pared to-night," said Mary, briskly.

"Right, daughter!" said the farmer, approvingly. "The time is short; but we'll have a merry Thanksgiving dinner yet. You'll stay with us to-night, John?"

"No, Mr. Hayden. I have engaged a bed at the tavern. By-the-way, when will Mr. Hastings come for his money?"

"At eleven o'clock."

"Then I should like to be within hearing. I will walk up quietly just before."

The next day was a busy one at Hayden Farm. Mrs. Hayden and Mary were up before light, engaged in those multifarious culinary preparations which Thanksgiving-day brings in its train. By noon a row of pies, crisp and brown, stood on the dresser. A delightful odor from the turkey roasting before the fire pervaded the room, and the pudding in the oven was baking beautifully.

In the midst of these culinary preparations Mr. Hastings knocked. He was ushered into the parlor, where Farmer Hayden awaited his coming. In the next room, with the door ajar, sat John Patten.

Farmer Hayden greeted his visitor with polite composure. The latter, however, seemed ill at ease, and became each moment more embarrassed, perceiving that the farmer did not choose to allude first to the business which brought him thither.

"I suppose, Mr. Hayden," he said, at last, awkwardly enough, "you know my errand."

"You come to foreclose the mortgage, and eject me from the farm."

"You are aware that this is your resolution, and not mine."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hastings?"

"You understand well enough," said the other, biting his lip. "Give me your daughter in marriage, and the mortgage shall never trouble you."

"I have no desire, even if I had the right, to force my daughter's inclinations," said the farmer, coldly.

"You mean that she don't like me. That is only a girl's fancy. Hasn't she considerations enough for her family to consent to the only course which will save them from ruin?"

"It is a sacrifice which I shall neither require nor accept at her hands. To be plain with you, Mr. Hastings, I do not think you would make a suitable husband for my daughter. Even if she were willing to marry you, knowing you as I now do, I should use whatever influence I may possess with her to dissuade her from a step which I am convinced would yield her only unhappiness."

The young man turned pale to the lips with anger. "By Heavens, Sir," he exclaimed, impetuously, "you shall rue this; you and your daughter too! I foreclose the mortgage, Mr. Hayden; and I give you warning, Sir, that if you do not leave the premises before sundown I shall call in the assistance of the law to eject you."

"Not so fast, Mr. Hastings," said Farmer Hayden, calmly. "I will trouble you to adhere to the law. The mortgage can not be foreclosed unless I fail to cancel it."

"But that you can not do," was the quick reply.

"You are mistaken. I have the money here, and shall lose no time in severing all business relations between us."

He produced a roll of bills, and counted out the amount of the mortgage.

Samuel Hastings was speechless with surprise, anger, and mortification. "Where did you raise this money?" he asked.

"That does not concern you," said the farmer. "Is the amount correct?"

There was a surly reply, and putting his hat violently on his head, the foiled creditor withdrew. With him the shadow passed from Farmer Hayden's household. At one o'clock a happy group gathered round the table laden with the substantial delicacies which no one better than a New England housekeeper knows how to provide. In feeling words Farmer Hayden craved a blessing, and in the hearts of all there was a deep sense of gratitude to God, who had made this indeed a day worthy of thanksgiving.

Later in the day John Patten and Mary Hayden sat before the fire alone. Her eyes were downcast, her hand, a willing captive, pressed in his. He was telling her how, during his long absence, the thought of her had been always with him, stimulating him to exertion, giving him courage in the midst of peril—that he had never parted with the hope that she would some day consent to be his, and walk hand in hand with him the journey of life, which, longer or shorter, as God willed, would be the happier for their joint companionship. That hope he asked her now to ratify. I can not give Mary's answer. I only know that a fortnight later, just before John Patten's furlough expired, they stood before the altar and were united, in presence of the whole village, every man, woman, and child turning out to witness the ceremony.

THE BROKEN SWORD.

HER soul caught up Hope's shining shield
Against the dark assaults of Doubt;
She bade him bravely to the field
Where Death holds Glory's standard out.

She girt the good steel on his thigh,
And, "Rumor's random shafts," she said,
"Full oft are poisoned with a lie
That strikes the unwitting victim dead.

"If you—God give me strength!—should bleed,
Yet stanch life's current ere it fail,
Send me this scabbard! I will heed
No other token, tongue, nor tale!

"If captive, in the rebel host
Some youth, heart-mated, there must be,
Who for her sake, or loved, or lost,
Will speed your ransomed blade to me.

"If—if—I can not speak the word!
Pray some true comrade—at the worst—
In pity hither bear the sword;
But bid, oh! bid him break it first!"

Time sped. And Rumor still forbore
To strike her with its venomed dart;
Hope's buckler, still undimmed, she wore,
A constant Ægis, on her heart!

Till—surely 'twas a love divine
That armed her soul with daily prayer—
A soldier found her at the shrine,
And laid a broken falchion there!

"You broke the blade at *his* command?"
She faltered. "Nay, true heart, not so!
'Twas shivered, in his good right hand,
Full on the forehead of his foe!"

"To the just cause I freely gave
My better life," she said, and pressed
To her pale lips the shattered glaive:
"To God I dedicate the rest!

"Yet is my mission here to do;
I hear *his* stricken brethren groan;
Many their pangs, their soothers few;
Be they my heralds to the Throne?"

Self-vowed, to wounds and death, she bears
Her Master's healing and His word;
But ever at her side she wears,
For rosary, the broken sword!

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THE chill November sunshine lay with mocking brightness on the velvet violets of the carpet; the wind howled sharply past the windows, as if furious that its keen touch could not blast the cream-white roses and fire-hearted geraniums whose delicate fragrance filled the room with an atmosphere of June. Without, people hurried shuddering by, with blue noses and frost-nipped fingers; within, there was summer warmth and tropic bloom.

Cecile Gore was sitting at a little *papier-maché* desk, writing delicate scented notes of invitation, with an apparently interminable list of names on one side and a bronze card-receiver on the other. And Maurice Kensett was lazily sorting the cards, and supplying sheets of tiny note-paper, and making innumerable comments—that is, he was busied in this manner when he was not watching the bright shower of curls that touched the desk, and the blue, down-drooping eyes, and the pretty hand with the diamond betrothal-ring upon its fore-finger. Don't blame Major Maurice Kensett for being a little careless about the cards, and knocking over the alabaster ink-stand with his clumsy hands. You would have done just the same thing if you had been there.

"Now, Maurice, who next?" says Cecile, with the pen-end between her scarlet lips, and her fingers playing a little tune on the paper before her. "What a pity it is you can't be here! I don't see the necessity of your being ordered off so suddenly. Only think of it!—you will not even spend Thanksgiving with us, and papa is going to have a real old-fashioned festival of it, just such as his grandfather used to have!"

"Duty before pleasure, *cara mia!*" responds the Major, lifting his black eyebrows. "*My* Thanksgiving will probably be in camp. Here's a name, Spencer Dyatt—aren't you going to ask him?"

"Nonsense!—no."

"Why not? I'm sure he'd like to come."

"Very possibly," said Cecile, hiding a little yawn behind the diamond ring. "But he always steps on ladies' toes when he waltzes, and on their dresses when he *don't* waltz."

"Poor fellow! And so he is to be excluded from society on that account?"

"From my parties—yes!" laughed Cecile. "Isn't that Horace Verde's card? Give it to me."

"You are not going to invite Verde?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Maurice Kensett rose with a disturbed countenance, and looked gravely down at Cecile's bright face.

"I had rather you wouldn't, Cecile!"

"How ridiculous, Maurice, when Mr. Verde goes in the best society!"

"More shame to the best society then. But if you remember, Cecile, this is not the first time I have spoken to you on the subject."

Cecile's cheek and eye blazed simultaneously.

"I *do* remember, Major Kensett, that you have attempted to dictate to me whom I shall, and shall not, receive at my house. It is useless. Mr. Verde is a general favorite, and I shall ask him to this party. Give me that card, if you please."

But Kensett still withheld it.

"Cecile, he is not a man with whom I would wish either wife or sister of mine to associate."

"I am not your sister, Sir, nor am I sure that I shall ever be your wife if this is a foretaste of the authority you intend to exert over me."

The fiery crimson mounted to Kensett's brow: he bit his lip, and strove to speak calmly.

"Cecile, my dearest, do not let us quarrel over such a mere trifle as this."

"It is no trifle to find myself subject to such galling control as this. You have no right, Major Kensett, to act thus."

"Is the right of a betrothed husband nothing, Cecile? Do you wish me to yield it up?"

Cecile hesitated a second; but passion was too strong for sober reason.

"If it is to be exerted in this manner—yes! I will be a slave to no man's whims and prejudices."

Kensett had grown very white.

"You can not *mean* those words, Cecile!"

"I do mean them."

He held out his hand to her—a hand cold as ice.

"Good-by, Cecile; it has been a pleasant dream, but it is ended now."

"Good-by, Major Kensett."

And so they parted, these two young lovers, standing in the stormy gold of the November sunbeams with the winds mourning a voiceless reproach, and the anguish of unshed tears gnawing at their hearts.

Major Maurice Kensett's regiment marched that night, and when Cecile, tossing on her restless couch, heard the steam-shriek of the "midnight express," and knew that it was bearing him away, she wept the bitterest tears that perhaps had ever dimmed the eyes Maurice had likened to blue forget-me-nots. Poor little forget-me-nots! it was a chill rain and a sad; poor little blue blooms!

Sleep! she could not sleep, and when the morning of Thanksgiving penciled the east with gold she rose up, heavy-eyed and silent. She had heard of broken hearts—could it be that her wayward, willful, yet loving heart was breaking?

"I say, Cecy, there's *such* a turkey down stairs!" ejaculated Master Alexander, commonly called "Alec" Gore, rushing into the room like a small whirlwind, as Cecile sat by the register with an unopened volume on her lap. "It's all a fellow can do to lift him! Ain't he stuffed nicely, though? and ain't Hannah crosser than two sticks? There's some tall currant jelly, too, and I just took a peep into the oven when cook's back was turned. Such pies!—and a pudding big enough to get into, like Sir Somebody What'shisname in English history, you know. What a jolly old cove papa's grandfather must have been if he kept Thanksgiving this way every year!"

"Alexander!" reproved Mrs. Gore, trying not to smile.

"Well, it's a fact, mother. Who's coming to dinner? Ain't we going to have it until six? If that ain't a shame! Oh! look here!" exclaimed Alec, rushing precipitately from one subject to another, "I've just come from down town, and every body's talking about the great accident!"

"What accident?—Alexander, I wish you would learn not to crack nuts with your teeth."

"Women never hear any thing," said Alec, patronizingly, aiming a nut-shell at the canary bird's cage. "Why the railroad accident, to be sure. Express train knocked into smash, locomotive split to flinders, and nobody to blame. And there was a regiment of soldiers on board, too, all killed. 'Frightful loss of life!' the bulletin says, for—"

Alec checked himself suddenly, for a low cry had burst from Cecile's white lips; she sprang to her feet with wild, fixed eyes, and a cheek paler than the carved marble of the mantle against which she leaned.

"Killed!" she repeated, in strangely syllabled tones—"killed! O God! and *I* live on!"

"Mother," whispered Alec, in awe-stricken accents, as Mrs. Gore leaned over her daughter's prostrate form, busied with soft womanly offices, "was that Maurice's regiment? Is Cecy dead?"

"She has only fainted, my son—she will be better soon. Go to your father, Alec, and ask him to hasten down to the telegraph office, and learn what particulars have transpired. Perhaps there is some mistake. My poor, poor child!"

"Leave me alone a little while, mother," said Cecile, sadly, an hour or two later in the day. "Indeed I am well now, dear mamma, only—"

Her head sank on her hands. Mrs. Gore knew that solitude is sometimes the best medicine for a sick heart, so she only laid her hand lovingly on Cecile's fair curls, and quietly stole out of the room.

Alone—alone with the dim twilight and her own sorrowful fancies! Was it strange that Cecile Gore felt as if life were a burden too great for endurance?

"Dead!" she murmured, gazing into the dusk with dilated, expressionless eyes. "And I shall never see him again—never hear his voice! How many years must I live through before I meet him in that other world whose shores we know not of? How many weary hours must I count before I can tell him how dearly I loved him, even when I was most willful, most mad? Oh, memory! if I could deaden your keen pangs! I shall go mad if I think over that parting again!"

So Cecile mused on. She had yet to learn how heavy a burden the heart will bear ere Reason quits its throne, and mercifully blots out the past.

Like a funereal pall the starry darkness of the Thanksgiving-night came down over the freezing world.

"Where is she? where is Cecile?"

She clasped her hands over her heart with a low, wailing sob as the words fell on her ear.

"I shall fancy it many a time—his voice—as it used to sound. I shall dream he is with me once again, and waken to find it only a dream! That is not his footstep on the stairs; it is only the sick phantasy of my over-tired brain. *He* is dead. *He* has found the peace which I shall know no more."

The door opened. Instinctively she raised her heavy eyes.

Twilight—darkness—what were they to her? Would she not have known him if the shadows of Styx rolled between? Would she not have recognized the tender light of his eyes through the blackness of eternal midnight? She could not speak; she could only rest her head against his arm and sob out strange inarticulate sounds, like a babe waked from some frightful dream.

"So you thought I was dead, Cecile? Poor little Cecile!" murmured Maurice, folding her to his breast as if she had indeed been a babe. "Oh, my love, God is kinder than we deserve. Let us never set His mercy at defiance again. Yes," he said, answering the mute question of her eyes, "there was an accident, but none of our men were hurt; and as we can not go on until to-night I came back for the kiss I was too proud to take yesterday. Are we true lovers once more, darling?"

Yes—once more and forever!

"It's a mercy the dinner isn't spoiled, waiting for you lazy people!" quoth Master Alec, with one eye directed reproachfully at Major Kensett and Cecile, and the other riveted upon the turkey, whose brown sides rose, a mountain of unctuous fatness, in the centre of the festive board. "I say, father, I'll take a big slice of the breast, if you please. Ain't Thanksgiving jolly?"

"I think it is, Alec," laughed Kensett.

Cecile, shyly radiant at her lover's side, looked into the dark splendor of his eyes and thought that *her* Thanksgiving would last forever.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SARCASTIC.—Young ——, son of Her Majesty's printer, who had the patent for printing Bibles in Scotland, went to an assembly in Edinburgh in a bright green suit, turned up with gold lace. This gay attire attracted universal attention, and some one asked Lady Wemyss who he was? "It's only young Bible," replied her Ladyship, "bound in calf and gilt, but not lettered."

QUESTION IN GEOMETRY.—Given, a river as a base, what figure does a fisherman's rod and line form in conjunction with it?—A try-angle, undoubtedly.

THE BEST FRUIT FOR PRESERVING LOVE.—Kate was talking glowingly about "love-apples." "That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her accepted lover. "Why should 'love' be associated with apples? On the contrary, I always thought that love went in pairs." Kate smiled approvingly.

"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said a speaker, in a husky voice, and perspiring freely, "I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart." The newspapers printed the speech leaving the "n" out of "window."

What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat? It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but one cat can make a spring.

An old lady looking at the curiosities in a museum, came to a couple of large sea-dogs, and after gazing at them with wonder, inquired of a wag, who stood near, if they ever barked. "No, Madam," replied he, "not now; their bark is on the sea."

A WELL-READ SOLDIER.—Private information.

When is a window like a star?—When it's a skylight.

What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady?—One harms the cheese, the other charms the he's.

"Won't you cut open a penny for me, papa?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day. "Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father. "'Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

Foote dined one day at Richmond. When the landlord produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked his name. "Partridge, an't please you," replied the host. "Partridge!" said Foote; "it should be Woodcock, by the length of your bill!"

"Mrs. Dobson, where's your husband?" "He's dying, marm, and I don't wish any body to disturb him." A very considerate woman that.

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

A pedestrian traveling in Ireland met a man, and asked him rather gruffly why the miles were so long, when the Hibernian replied, "You see, your Honor, the roads are not in very good condition, so we give very good measure."

A famous musician, who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, "Permit me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he has made his nest."

"Are you fond of tongue, Sir?" asked a lady. "I was always fond of tongue, Madam," was the reply, "and like it *still*."

What were the last words the trumpeter said when he was gored by the wild bull?—Why, "Blow the horns!"

Mrs. Partington wants to know why captains don't have their ships properly nailed in port, instead of waiting to tack them at sea.

It is better to be ready and not go than go and not be ready.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied Sally, "you are too green to burn!"

Two country farmers lately passing the Stock Exchange stopped to inquire what was the occasion of such a noise. The gentleman to whom these men addressed themselves answered that it was a Bedlam for mad merchants, who, having lost their reason, imagined they were transformed into bulls and bears, and acted accordingly. "Pray, zur," said one of the countrymen, "mout we zee 'em?" "By all means," replied the gentleman, and, conducting the farmers to the door, he desired them to walk in. No sooner did the poor fellows put in their heads than one said to the other, "Zoons, Davy, let uz get off—those mad volks are all loose;" and they took to their heels as fast as their legs could carry them, and went home full of the story of the mad merchants and their Bedlam near the 'Change.

Two Irishmen in a smart engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one, touching the piece, noticed that it was very hot. "Arrah, Mike," said he, "the cannon is gettin' very hot; we'd better stop firin' a little." "Divil a bit," replied Mike; "jist dip the cartridges in the river afore yees load, an' kape it cool."

A man in the habit of traveling, complaining to a friend that he had often been robbed, and was afraid of stirring abroad, was advised to carry pistols with him on his journey. "Oh, that would be worse," replied the hero: "the thieves would rob me of them also!"

A new method of shop-lifting has been discovered in Paris. An elegant lady enters a store, accompanied by a nurse, carrying a baby dressed in rich embroidery. On leaving they are supposed to have taken laces, jewelry, etc., as the case may be, and are arrested. An examination proves that the baby has a wax face, and a hollow pasteboard body, which serves as a hiding-place for stolen articles.

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured; which being done, the doctor went to pay him. "No," said the farrier; "we doctors never take any money one of another."

We are repeatedly told that "Love laughs at locksmiths." It is true to a turn; for there are instances on the legal books of Cupid not only laughing at the locksmith, but actually taking his pick of all the wards in Chancery.

Sir George Grey speaks with extraordinary volubility. On one occasion, to enforce his argument, he made use of a simile. "If we throw a spark of fire into a barrel of gunpowder we all know there will be a dreadful explosion; but we may throw a blazing torch upon a turnpike-road, and the probability is that it will expire harmlessly." The stenographer went on very well until he came to the blazing torch on the turnpike-road; but he could not make out the end of the sentence. He knew it was something about a blazing torch; but what it was to do he could not for the life of him tell. The sentence was deemed too important to be left out; so he wrote it as follows: "You may throw a spark into a barrel of gunpowder, and it will explode and cast devastation around; but, if you place a blazing torch on a turnpike-road, all that it will do will be to burn down the turnpike-gate."

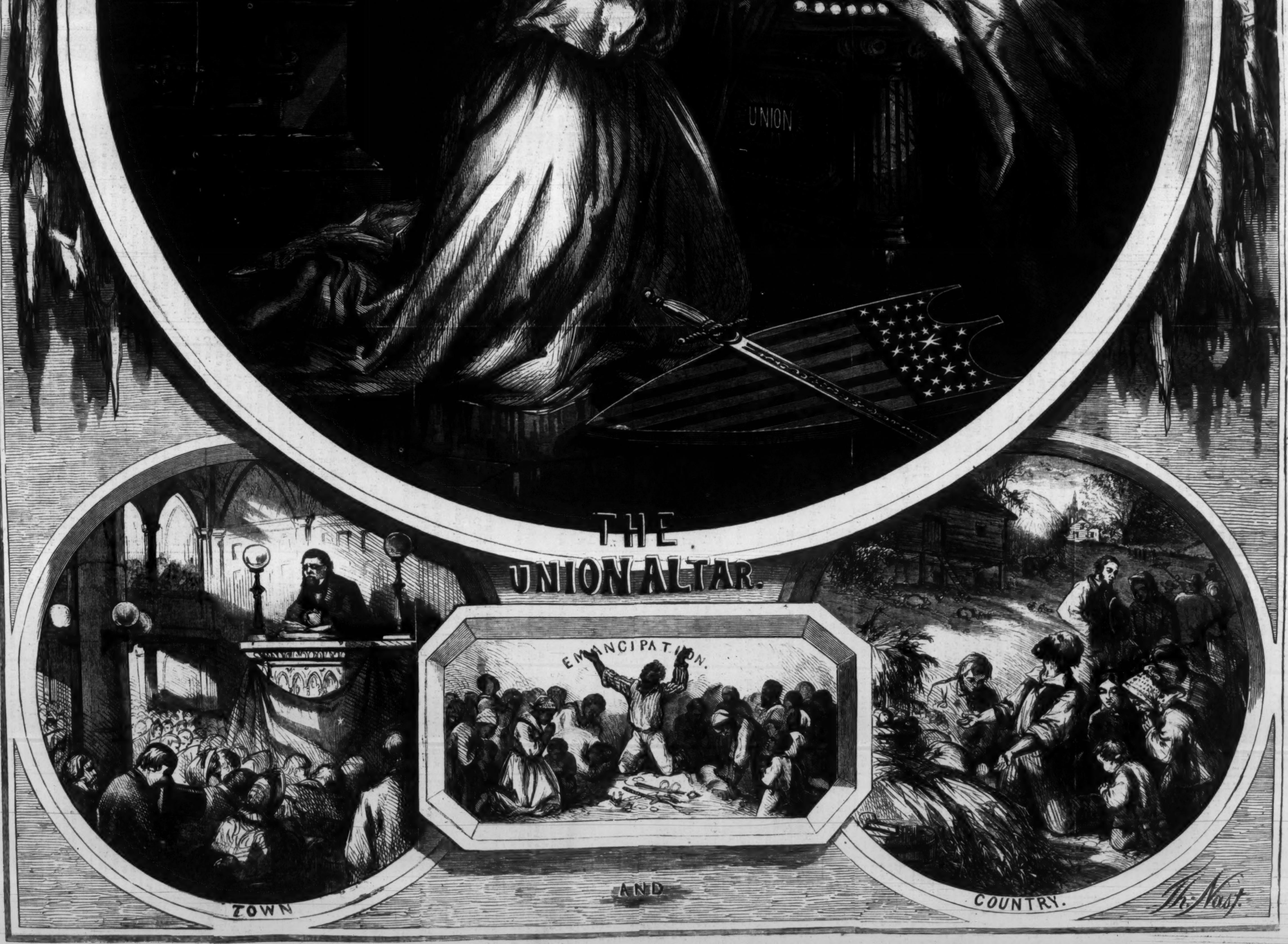
THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

ON page 780 we reproduce a sketch, by Mr. Davis, representing one of the most famous and popular of the army transports on the Tennessee, the *Chattanooga*. Mr. Davis writes:

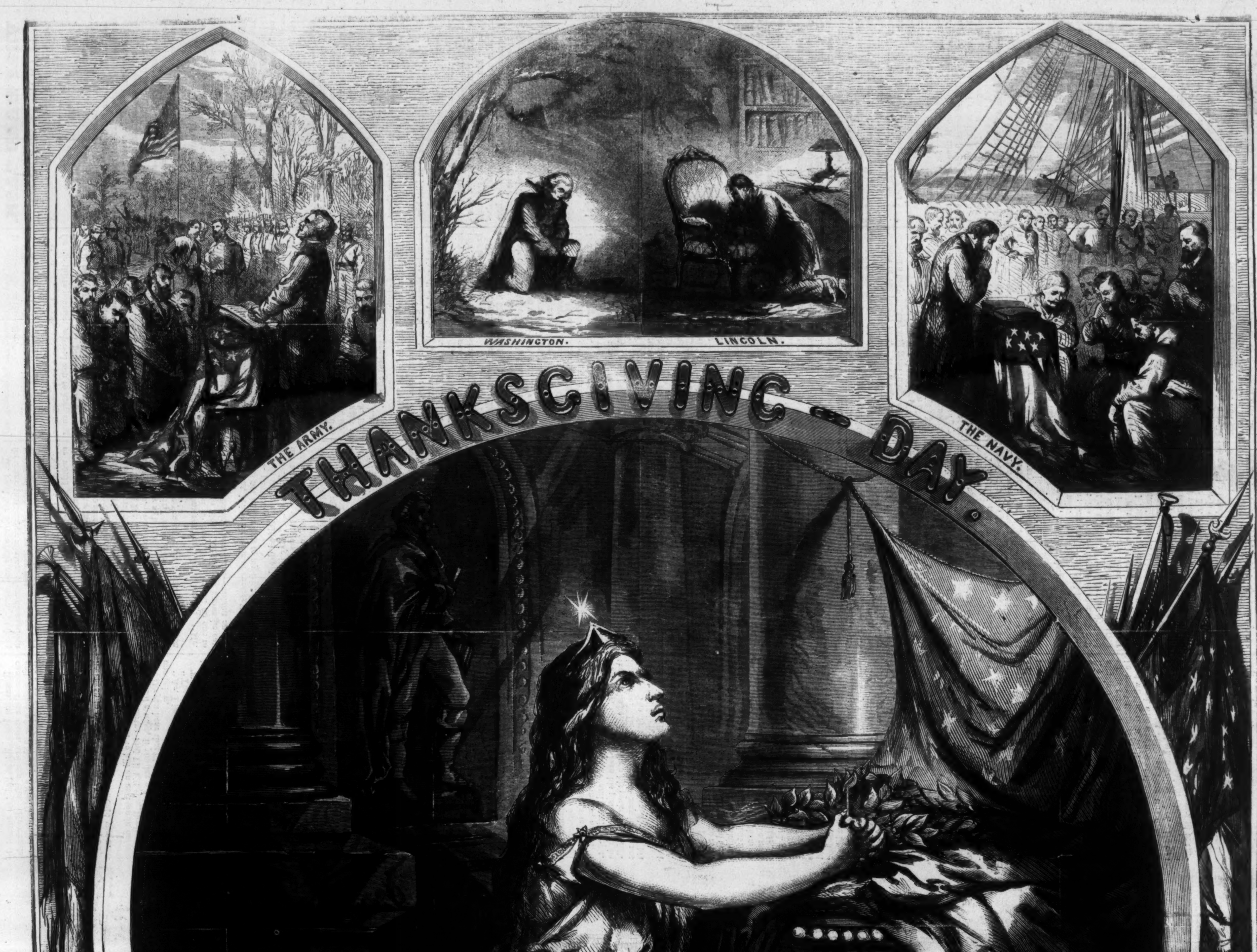
"THE STEAMER 'CHATTANOOGA' ON HER WAY UP THE TENNESSEE WITH ARMY STORES.

"HEAD-QUARTERS GENERAL W. S. SMITH,
BRIDGEPORT, ALA., *Nov.* 15.

"This little steamer was built at Bridgeport by our troops. The Michigan Engineer Regiment, I think, did the principal part of the work. [illegible] have more like her under way, so that w[illegible] have in a sort time quite a fleet on the line—cracker line the rebs call it. The party rejoicing in the dignity of commanding the craft is Captain Arthur Edwards. This is, I think, the first boat that has been built by the soldiers for their own use, though it seems as if they had done every thing else in the mechanical line."


UNION
THE
UNION ALTAR.
EMANCIPATION.
TOWN
AND
COUNTRY.
Th. Nast.

THANKSGIVING-DAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1863.


THANKSGIVING DAY.
THE ARMY.
WASHINGTON.
LINCOLN.
THE NAVY.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Alfred Hardie spent three days writhing in his little lodging. His situation had been sadder, but never more irritating. By right possessor of thousands, yet in fact reduced to one suit, two shirts, and half a crown: rich in intellect, yet hunted as a madman: affianced to the loveliest girl in England, yet afraid to go near her for fear of being torn from her again, and forever. All this could last but one week more; but a week's positive torture was no trifle to contemplate, with a rival at his Julia's ear all the time. Suppose she should have been faithful all these months, but in this last week should be worn out and give herself to another: such things had been known. He went to Lincoln's Inn with this irritating fear tearing him like a vulture. Mr. Compton received him cheerfully, and told him he had begun operations in Hardie versus Hardie: had written to Thomas Hardie two days ago, and inquired his London solicitor, and whether that gentleman would accept service of the writ in Hardie versus Hardie.

"To Thomas Hardie? Why what has he to do with it?" asked Alfred.

"He is the defendant in the suit." Then seeing amazement and incredulity on Alfred's face, he explained that the Commissioners of Lunacy had treated him with great courtesy; had at once furnished him with copies, not only of the order and certificates, but of other valuable documents. "And there," said he, "lies the order; signed by Thomas Hardie, of Clare Court, Yorkshire."

"Curse his impudence," cried Alfred, in a fury: "why, Sir, he is next door to an idiot himself."

"What does that matter? Ah, now, if I had gone in a passion and indicted him, there would be a defense directly; 'no malice, defendant being non compos.' Whereas, by gently, quietly, suing him, even if he was a lunatic we would make him or his estate pay a round sum for falsely imprisoning a sane Briton. By-the-by, here is counsel's opinion on your case," and he handed him a short opinion of a distinguished Queen's Counsel, the concluding words of which were these:

> 3. If the certificates and order are in legal form, and were made and given bona fide, no action lies for the capture or detention of Mr. Hardie.

"Why it is dead against me," said Alfred. "There goes the one rotten reed you had left me."

"Singularly dead," said the attorney, coolly: "he does not even say 'I am of opinion.' He is in great practice, and hard-worked: in his hurry he has taken up the Lunacy Acts, and has forgotten that the rights of sane Englishmen are not the creatures of these little trumpery statutes; no, thank you; our rights are centuries older, and prevail wherever, by good luck, the statutes of the realm are silent; now they are all silent about incarcerating sane men. Besides, he gives no cases. What is an opinion without a precedent? a lawyer's guess. I thought so little of his opinion that I sent the case to a clever junior who has got time to think before he writes." Colls entered soon after with the said junior's opinion. Mr. Compton opened it, and saying, "Now let us see what *he* says," read it to Alfred. It ran thus:

"There was clearly a right of action under the common law: and it has been exercised. *Anderdon* v. *Brothers*; *Paternoster* v. *Paternoster*, &c. Such a right can only be annulled by the express terms of a statute: now the 8 and 9 Victoria, cap. 100, sect. 99, so annuls it, as against the mad-house proprietor only. That, therefore, is the statutory exception, and tends to confirm the common right. If the facts are as represented (on which, of course, I can form no opinion), Mr Hardie can safely sue the person who signed the order for his alleged false imprisonment.

"I agree with you that the usual course by praying the Court of Chancery for a Commission de Lunatico Inquirendo is timorous, and rests on prejudice. Plt., if successful, is saddled with his own costs, and sometimes with Deft.'s, and obtains no compensation. It seems clear that a jury sitting at Nisi Prius can deal as well with the main fact as can a jury sitting by the order of the Chancellor; and I need not say the costs will go with their verdict, to say nothing of the damages, which may be heavy. On the other hand, an indictment is hazardous; and I think you can lose nothing by beginning with the suit. By having a short-hand writer at the trial, you may collect materials for an indictment, and also feel the pulse of the court; you can then confer upon the evidence with some counsel better versed in criminal law than myself. *My* advice is to sue Thomas Hardie; and declare in Tort.

(Signed) "Barrow.

"N.B.—I have been thus particular, because Hardie v. Hardie (if carried to a verdict) will probably be a leading case."

"Who shall decide when counsel disagree?" inquired Alfred, satirically.

"That depends on where they do it. If in court, the judge. If here, the attorney."

"You appear sanguine, Mr. Compton," said Alfred: "perhaps you would not mind advancing me a little money. I've only a half a crown."

"It is all ready for you in this drawer," said Compton, cheerfully. "See, thirty sovereigns. Then you need not go to a bank."

"What, you thought I should borrow?"

"Don't all my clients begin by bleeding *me?* It is the rule of this office."

"Then why don't you give up business?"

"Because I bleed the opposite attorney's client a little more than my own bleeds me."

He then made Alfred sign a promissory note for the thirty pounds: advised him to keep snug for one week more, and promised to write to him in two days, and send Thomas Hardie's answer. Alfred left his address, and went from Mr. Compton a lighter man. Convinced of his courage and prudence, he shifted one care off his own shoulders: and thought of love alone.

But, strange as it may appear, two cares are sometimes better for a man than one. Alfred, having now no worry to divert him from his deeper anxiety, was all love and jealousy; and quite overwhelmed: the desire of his heart was so strong it overpowered alike his patience and his prudence. He jumped into a cab, and drove to all the firemen's stations on the Surrey side of the river, inquiring for Edward. At last he hit upon the right one, and learned that Julia lived in Pembroke Street: number unknown. He drove home to his lodgings: bought some ready-made clothes, and dressed like a gentleman; then told the cabman to drive to Pembroke Street. He knew he was acting imprudently; but he could not help it. And besides, Mr. Compton had now written to his uncle, and begun the attack: that would surely intimidate his enemies, and turn their thoughts to defense, not to fresh offense. However, catching sight of a gunsmith's shop on the way, he suddenly resolved to arm himself on the bare chance of an attack. He stopped the cab: went in and bought a double-barreled pistol, with powder-flask, bullets, wads, and caps, complete. This he loaded in the cab, and felt quite prudent after it. The prudence of youth.

He paid off the cab in Pembroke Street, and set about the task of discovering Julia. He inquired at several houses, but was unsuccessful. Then he walked slowly all down the street, looking up at all the windows. And I think, if he had done this the day before, he might have seen her, or she him: she was so often at the window now. But just then she had company to keep her in order.

He was unlucky in another respect. Edward came out of No. 66 and went up the street, when he himself was going down it not so very many yards off. If Alfred's face had only been turned the other way he would have seen Edward, and all would have gone differently.

The stoutest hearts have their moments of weakness and deep dejection. Few things are more certain, and less realized by ordinary men, than this; from Palissy fighting with Enamel to Layard disinterring a city, this thing is so.

Unable to find Julia in the very street she inhabited, Alfred felt weak against fate. He said to himself, "If I find her, I shall perhaps wish I had never sought her."

In his hour of dejection stern reason would be heard, and asked him whether all Mrs. Archbold had said could be pure invention; and he was obliged to confess that was too unlikely. Then he felt so sick at heart he was half minded to turn and fly the street. But there was a large yard close by him, entered by a broad and lofty gateway cut through one of the houses. The yard belonged to a dealer in hay: two empty wagons were there, but no men visible, being their dinner-time. Alfred slipped in here, and sat down on the shaft of a wagon: and let his courage ooze. He sighed, and sighed, and feared to know his fate. And so he sat with his face in his hands unmanned.

Presently a strain of music broke on his ear. It seemed to come from the street. He raised his head to listen. He colored, his eyes sparkled; he stole out on tip-toe with wondering, inquiring face into the street. Once there, he stood spellbound, thrilling from his heart, that seemed now on fire, to his fingers' ends. For a heavenly voice was singing to the piano just above his head; singing in earnest, making the very street ring. Already listeners were gathering, and a woman of the people said, "It's a soul singing without a body." Amazing good things are said in the streets. The voice was the voice of Julia. The song was Aileen Aroon; the hymn of constancy. So sudden and full was the bliss which poured into the long and sore tried listener at this sudden answer to his fears that tears of joy trembled in his eyes. "Wretch that I was to doubt her!" he said, and unable to contain his longing, unable to wait and listen even to that which had changed his grief and doubts into rapture, he was at the door in a moment. A servant opened it; "Miss Dodd?" he said, or rather panted: "you need not announce me. I am an old acquaintance." He could not bear any one should see the meeting between him and his beloved; he went up the steep and narrow stair, guided by the hymn of constancy.

He stopped at the door, his heart was beating so violently.

Then he turned the handle softly, and stepped into the drawing-room: it was a double room: he took two steps and was in the opening, and almost at Julia's back.

Two young clergymen were bending devotedly one on each side of her; it was to them she was singing the hymn of constancy.

Alfred started back as if he had been stung; and the music stopped dead short.

For she had heard his step, and, woman-like, was looking into her companions' eyes first, to see if her ear had deceived her. What she saw there brought her slowly round with a wild look. Her hands rose toward her face, and she shrank away sideways from him as if he was a serpent, and her dilated eyes looked over her cringing shoulder at him, and she was pale and red, and pale and red a dozen times in as many seconds.

He eyed her sorrowfully and sternly, taking for shame that strange mixture of emotions which possessed her. And so they met.

Strange meeting for two true lovers, who had parted last upon their wedding-eve.

No doubt, if they had been alone, one or other would have spoken directly: but the situation was complicated by the presence of two rivals, and this tied their tongues, I think. They devoured one another with their eyes in silence; only Julia rose slowly to her feet, and began to tremble from head to foot, as she looked at him.

"Is this intrusion agreeable to you, Miss Dodd?" said Mr. Hurd, respectfully, by way of courting her. She made no reply: but only looked wildly at him still, and quivered visibly.

"Pray, Sir," said Alfred, turning on Mr. Hurd, "have you any right to interfere between us two?"

"None whatever," said Julia, hastily. "Mr. Hurd, I need no one: I will permit no one to say a word to him. Mr. Hardie knows he can not enter a house where I am—without an explanation."

"What, before a couple of curates?"

"Do not be insolent to my friends, Sir," said Julia, panting.

This wounded Alfred deeply. "Oh, as you please," said he. "Only if you put me on my defense before strangers, I shall, perhaps, put you to the blush before them."

"Why do you come here, Sir?" said Julia, not deigning to notice his threat.

"To see my betrothed."

"Oh, indeed! Then why have you postponed your visit so long?"

"I was in prison."

"In prison, Alfred?"

"In the worst of all prisons; where I was put because I loved you; where I was detained because I persisted in loving you, you faithless, inconstant girl."

He choked at these words; she smiled; a faint, uncertain smile. It died away, and she shook her head, and said, sadly:

"Defend yourself, and then call me as many names as you like. Where was this prison?"

"It was an asylum: a mad-house."

The girl stared at him bewildered. He put his hand into his pocket, and took Peggy's letter. "Read that," he said. She held it in her hand, and looked him in the face to divine the contents. "Read it," said he, almost fiercely: "that was the decoy." She held it shaking in her hands, and stared at it. I don't know whether she read it or not.

He went on: "The same villain who defrauded your father of his money, robbed me of my wife and my liberty: that Silverton House was a lunatic asylum, and ever since then (oh, Julia, the agony of that day!) I have been confined in one or other of those hells; sane among the mad; till Drayton House took fire, and I escaped, for what, to be put on my defense by you! What have you suffered from our separation, compared with the manifold anguish I have endured, that you dare to receive the most injured and constant of mankind like this, you, who have had your liberty all this time, and have consoled yourself for my absence with a couple of curates!"

"For shame!" said Julia, blushir [illegible] head, yet smiling in a way her com [illegible] not understand.

"Miss Dodd, will you put up with these insults?" said Mr. Hurd.

"Ay, and a thousand more," cried Julia, radiant, "and thank Heaven for them; they prove his sincerity. You, who have thought proper to stay and hear *me* insult my betrothed, and put my superior on his defense, look how I receive his just rebuke: dear, cruelly used, Alfred, I never doubted you in my heart, no not for a moment; forgive me for taunting you to clear yourself; you who were always the soul of truth and honor. Forgive me: I too have suffered; for I thought my Alfred was dead. Forgive me."

And with this she was sinking slowly to her knees with the most touching grace, all blushes, tears, penitence, happiness, and love; but he caught her eagerly. "Oh! God forbid," he cried: and in a moment her head was on his shoulder, and they mingled their tears together.

It was Julia who recovered herself first, and shrank from him a little, and murmured, "We are not alone."

The misgiving came rather late: and they were alone.

The other gentlemen had comprehended at last that it was indelicate to remain: they had melted quietly away; and Peterson rushed down the street; but Hurd hung disconsolate about the very entry where Alfred had just desponded before him.

"Sit by me, my poor darling, and tell me all," said Julia.

He began; but, ere he had told her about his first day at his first asylum, she moaned and turned faint at the recital, and her lovely head sank on his shoulder. He kissed her, and tried to comfort her, and said he would not tell her any more. But she said somewhat characteristically, "I insist on your telling me all; all. It will kill me." Which did not seem to Alfred a cogent reason for continuing his narrative. He varied it by telling her that through all his misery the thought of her had sustained him.

A rough voice was heard in the passage inquiring for Mr. Hardie. Alfred started up in dismay: for it was Rooke's voice. "I am undone," he cried. "They are coming to take me again; and, if they do, they will drug me; I am a dead man."

"Fly!" cried Julia, "fly! up stairs; the leads."

He darted to the door, and out on the landing.

It was too late. Rooke had just turned the corner of the stairs, and saw him. He whistled and rushed after Alfred. Alfred bounded up the next flight of stairs; but, even as he went, his fighting blood got up; he remembered his pistol: he drew it, turned on the upper landing, and leveled the weapon full at Rooke's forehead. The man recoiled with a yell, and got to a respectful distance on the second landing. There he began to parley. "Come, Mr. Hardie, Sir," said he, "that is past a joke: would you murder a man?"

"It's no murder to kill an assassin in defense of life or liberty: and I'll kill you, Rooke, as I would kill a wasp, if you lay a finger on me."

"Do you hear that?" shouted Rooke to some one below.

"Ay, I hear," replied the voice of Hayes.

"Then loose him. And run in after him."

There was a terrible silence; then a scratching was heard below: and, above, the deadly click of the pistol-hammers brought to full cock.

And then there was a heavy pattering rush, and Vulcan came charging up the stairs like a lion. He was half-muzzled; but that Alfred did not know: he stepped forward and fired at the tremendous brute somewhat unsteadily, and missed him by an inch; the bullet glanced off the stairs and entered the wall within a yard of Rooke's head; ere Alfred could fire again, the huge brute leaped on him, and knocked him down like a child, and made a grab at his throat; Alfred, with admirable presence of mind, seized a baluster, and, drawing himself up, put the pistol to Vulcan's ear, and fired the other barrel just as Rooke rushed up the stairs to secure his prisoner: the dog bounded into the air and fell over dead with shattered skull, leaving Alfred bespattered with blood and brains, and half blinded: but he struggled up, and tore the baluster out in doing so, just as a heavy body fell forward at his feet: it was Rooke stumbling over Vulcan's carcass so unexpectedly thrown in his path: Alfred cleared his eyes with his hand, and as Rooke struggled up, lifted the baluster high above his head, and, with his long sinewy arm and elastic body, discharged a blow frightful to look at; for youth, strength, skill, and hate all swelled, and rose, and struck together in that one furious gesture. If the wood had held, the skull must have gone. As it was, the baluster broke over the man's head (and one half went spinning up to the ceiling); the man's head cracked under the baluster like a glass bottle; and Rooke lay flat and mute, with the blood running from his nose and ears. Alfred hurled the remnant of the baluster down at Hayes and the others, and darted into a room (it was Julia's bedroom), and was heard to open the window, and then drag furniture to the door and barricade it. This done, he went to load his pistol, which he thought he had slipped into his pocket after felling Rooke. He found to his dismay it was not there. The fact was it had slipped past his pocket and fallen down.

During the fight shriek upon shriek issued from the drawing-room. But now all was still. On the stairs lay Vulcan dead, Rooke senseless: below, Julia in a dead faint. And all in little more than a minute.

Dr. Wolf arrived with the police and two more keepers, new ones in the place of Wales and Garrett discharged; and urged them to break into the bedroom and capture the maniac: but first he was cautious enough to set two of them to watch the back of the house. "There," he said, "where that load of hay is going in; that is the way to it. Now stand you in the yard and watch."

This last mandate was readily complied with; for there was not much to be feared on the stones below from a maniac self-immured on the second story. But to break open that bedroom-door was quite another thing. The stairs were like a shambles already, a chilling sight to the eyes of mercenary valor.

Rooke was but just sensible: the others hung back. But presently the pistol was found sticking in a pool of gore. This put a new face on the matter; and Dr. Wolf himself showed the qualities of a commander. He sent down word to his sentinels in the yard to be prepared for any attempt on Alfred's part, however desperate: and he sent a verbal message to a stately gentleman who was sitting anxious in lodgings over the way, after bribing high and low, giving out money like water to secure the recapture, and so escape what he called his unnatural son's vengeance; for he knew him to be by nature bold and vindictive like himself. After these preliminaries, Doctor Wolf headed his remaining forces, to wit, two keepers, and two policemen, and thundered at the bedroom-door, and summoned Alfred to surrender.

Now among the spectators who watched and listened with bated breath, was one to whom this scene had an interest of its own. Mr. Hurd, disconcerted by Alfred's sudden reappearance, and the lovers' reconciliation, had hung about the entry very miserable: for he was sincerely attached to Julia. But while he was in this stupor came the posse to recapture Alfred, and he heard them say so. Then the shots were fired within, then Wolf and his men got in, and Mr. Hurd, who was now at the door, got in with them, to protect Julia, and see this dangerous and inconvenient character disposed of. He was looking demurely on at a safeish distance, when his late triumphant rival was summoned to surrender.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf coaxed.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf told him he had police as well as keepers, and resistance would be idle.

No reply.

Dr. Wolf ordered his men to break in the door. After some little delay, one of the keepers applied a chisel, while a policeman held his truncheon ready to defend the operator. The lock gave way. But the door could not open for furniture.

After some further delay they took it off its hinges, and the room stood revealed.

To their surprise no rush was made at them.

The maniac was not even in sight.

"He is down upon his luck," whispered one of the new keepers: "we shall find him crouched somewhere." They looked under the bed. He was not there. They opened a cupboard: three or four dresses hung from wooden pegs; they searched the gowns most minutely: but found no maniac hid in their ample folds. Presently some soot was observed lying in the grate: and it was inferred he had gone up the chimney.

On inspection the opening appeared almost too narrow. Then Dr. Wolf questioned his sentinels in the yard. "Have you been there all the time?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Seen nothing?"

"No, Sir. And our eyes have never been off the window and the leads."

Here was a mystery: and not a clew to its solution. The window was open: but five-and-twenty feet above the paved yard: had he leaped down he must have been dashed to pieces.

Many tongues began to go at once: in the midst of which Edward burst in, and found the two dead men of contemporary history consisted of a dead dog and a stunned man, who, having a head like a bullet, was now come to himself and vowing vengeance. He found Julia very pale, supported and consoled by Mr. Hurd. He was congratulating her on her escape from a dangerous maniac.

She rose and tottered away from him to her brother and clung to him. He said what he could to encourage her, then deposited her in an arm-chair and went up stairs; he soon satisfied himself Alfred was not in the house. On this he requested Dr. Wolf and his men to leave the premises. The doctor demurred. Edward insisted, and challenged him to show a magistrate's warrant for entering a private house. The doctor was obliged to own he had none. Edward then told the policemen they were engaged in an illegal act; the police were forbidden by Act of Parliament to take part in these captures. Now the police knew that very well: but, being handsomely bribed, they had presumed, and not for the first time, upon that ignorance of law which is deemed an essential part of a private citizen's accomplishments in modern days. In a word, by temper and firmness, and a smattering of law gathered from the omniscient '*Tiser*, Edward cleared his castle of the lawless crew. But they paraded the street, and watched the yard till dusk, when its proprietor ran rusty and turned them out.

Julia sat between Edward and Mr. Hurd, with her head thrown back and her eyes closed: and received in silence their congratulations on her escape. She was thinking of his. When they had quite done, she opened her eyes and said, "Send for Dr. Sampson. Nobody else knows any thing. Oh pray, pray, pray send for Dr. Sampson."

Mr. Hurd said he would go for Dr. Sampson.

She thanked him warmly.

Then she crept away to her bedroom, and locked herself in, and sat on the hearth-rug, and thought, and thought, and recalled every word and tone of her Alfred; comparing things old and new.

Dr. Sampson was a few miles out of town, visiting a patient. It was nine o'clock in the evening when he got Julia's note; but he came on to Pembroke Street at once. Dr. Wolf and his men had retired, leaving a sentinel in the street, on the bare chance of Alfred returning. Dr. Sampson found brother and sister sitting sadly, but lovingly, together. Julia rose upon his entrance. "Oh, Doctor Sampson! Now *is* he—what they say he is?"

"How can I tell, till I see 'm?" objected the doctor.

"But you know they call people mad who are nothing of the kind: for you said so."

Sampson readily assented to this. "Why it was but [illegible]r a surjin came to me with one Jackson [illegible], and said, 'Just sign a certificate for [illegible]an: his wife's mad.' 'Let me see her,' sis I. 'What for,' sis he: 'when her own husband applies.' 'Excuse me,' sis I, 'I'm not a bat, I'm Saampson.' I went to see her; she was nairvous and excited; 'Oh I know what you come about,' said she. 'But you are mistaken.' I questioned her kindly, and she told me her husband was a great trile t' her nairves. I refused to sign: on that disn't the tailor drown himself in the canal nixt day? He was the madman; and she knew it all the time; but wouldn't tell us; and that's a woman all over."

"Well then," said Julia, hopefully.

"Ay but," said Sampson, "these cases are exceptions, after all: and the chances are nine to one he's mad. Dawn't you remember that was one of the solutions I offered ye, when he levanted on his wedding-day?" He added, satirically, "And couldn't all that logic keep in a little reason?"

This cynical speech struck Julia to the heart: she could not bear it: and retired to her own room.

Then Dr. Sampson saw his mistake, and said to Edward, with some concern, "Maircy on us, she is not in love with him still, is she? I thought that young parson was the man now."

Edward shook his head: but declined to go much into a topic so delicate as his sister's affections: and just then an alarming letter was delivered from Mrs. Dodd. She wrote to the effect that David, favored by the wind, had run into Portsmouth Harbor before their eyes, and had disappeared, hidden, it was feared, by one of those low publicans, who provide bad ships with sailors, receiving a commission. On this an earnest conversation between Sampson and Edward.

It was interrupted in its turn.

Julia burst suddenly into the room, pale and violently excited, clasping her hands and crying, "He is *there*. His voice is like a child's. Oh, help me! He is hurt. He is dying."

ZENAS CAREY'S REWARD.

RED and sullen, like the eye of some baleful demon, the low sun glowed through the tangled depths of the November woods, casting bloody lines of light across the fallen trees, whose mossy trunks were half hidden in drifts of faded yellow leaves, and evoking faint, sweet scents, like Orient sandal-wood and teak, from a thousand forest censers, hidden away, who knows how or where. And above that line of dull flaming fire the sky frowned—a leaden-gray concave, freighted, as the weather-wise could tell you, with snow-flakes sufficient to turn that broken forest into a fairy grove of pearl and ermine. So the daylight was ebbing away from this Thanksgiving-eve.

"Now I wonder where I am!" said John Siddons, pausing abruptly in the scarce visible footpath that wound among the trees. "As completely 'turned round' as though I stood in the deserts of Egypt! I wish I had been sensible enough to keep to the high-road: these short cuts generally turn out very long ones! However, if I keep straight ahead, I must inevitably emerge from these woods somewhere."

He sat down on a mossy stump, leaning his head carelessly on one hand, while the other played unconsciously with the worn brim of his blue soldier's cap—a slender, pleasant-faced young man, with gray-blue eyes, and dark hair thrown back from a bronzed forehead, which had been touched by the fiery arrows of many a Southern sun in lonely swamps, and along the fever-reeking shores of sullen rivers.

"Houseless—homeless!" he murmured to himself. "I wonder how many others are saying the same thing this Thanksgiving-eve. To think that I should fight through the campaign unhurt, and return with an honorable discharge in my pocket to a place where nobody knows or cares whether I'm alive or dead, while so many brave fellows were shot down at my side with bullets that tore through a score of hearts at home, carrying sharper pangs than death has to give! It's a queer thing to have only one relative in the world, and he a total stranger. If I find this second-cousin of my father he'll probably kick me out of doors for a shiftless, soldiering vagabond. But, hang it! a man can't live alone like a tortoise in its shell. I remember wondering, when I was a boy, why the Madeira vines over the porch stretched out their green tendrils, and seemed to grope through the sunshine for something to cling to. I think I understand it now."

He rose up and walked on through the russet leaves that rustled ankle-deep beneath his tread, still musing—musing; trying to study out the unknown quantities in life's great equation, while the sun went down behind a bank of lurid clouds, and the chill night wind began to sigh sorrowfully in the tree-tops. And suddenly the sturdy woods tapored off into a silver-stemmed thicket of white birches, and the white birches fringed a lonely country road with a little red house beyond, whose windows were aglow with fire-light, and whose door-yard was full of the peculiar perfume of white and maroon-blossomed chrysanthemums.

Zenas Carey was leaning over the gate, surveying the stormy sunset with critical eyes.

"I told Melindy so!" ejaculated Zenas, apparently addressing himself to the crooked apple-tree by the road. "I'll bet my best steer we have a good old-fashioned fall of snow to keep Thanksgivin' with. I smelt it in the air this mornin', but women don't never believe nothin' until it comes to pass right under their noses, for—"

This rather obscure sentence was nipped in the bud by a footstep at his side. Zenas turned abruptly to reconnoitre the new arrival.

"Will you be kind enough to give me a glass of water, Sir?" said John Siddons, wearily.

"Sartin, Sir!" said Zenas. "So you're a soldier, hey?"

"A returned soldier," said Siddons, draining the cool element from the cocoa-nut shell that always lay close to the well curb at the side of the house.

"Goin' home to keep Thanksgivin'?" questioned Zenas.

"Home! Sir, I *have* no home!"

Siddons had spoken sharply, as if the thought were goading to him. Zenas put out his brown knotted hand and grasped the retreating man's arm.

"My boy!" he said, with kindly abruptness, "you're a soldier, and to tell by your looks I should guess you were about the age of him that's buried at Gettysburg—my only son! I love that blue uniform for Davie's sake, and if there's a soldier in the world that hasn't a home to go to on Thanksgivin'-eve, there's a corner for him by Zenas Carey's fireside. Come in, Sir! come in! You're as welcome as flowers in May!"

John looked into the wet eyes and working face of the old farmer an instant, and accepted his invitation without another word.

What a cheerful change it was, from the frosty air and chill twilight of the lonely road to that bright kitchen with its spotless board floor and fire of resinous pine logs! And when Melinda Carey drew a hump-backed rocking-chair to the hearth for him, and spoke a word or two of welcome, John Siddons wondered if the eyes of the mother, who died when he was a babe, had not beamed upon him just so!

"I told mother so this very mornin'," said Zenas, with a triumphant flourish of his hand, as he stirred up the logs to a waving, glorious sheet of flame. "Says I, 'Melindy, we'll kill the biggest turkey, and I'll pick out the yallerest pumpkins on the barn floor.' And says she, 'What for, Zenas, when there's only us two to eat 'em?' and, says I, 'Mother,' says I, 'Davie was here with us last Thanksgivin' with his new uniform, as brave and handsome as you'll often see.'—Now, mother, don't cry."

Zenas interrupted himself to stroke his wife's gray hair with a strangely tender touch, and went on:

"Says I, 'He's gone where it's Thanksgivin' all the year round now, my poor boy—my brave boy!—but,' says I, 'we'll make somebody welcome for Davie's sake; won't we, mother?' And now, Sir, you'll spend to-morrow with us, and tell me about the battle of Gettysburg, where Davie died, crying out with his last breath not to let the flag be captured!"

Zenas's voice died out into a choking, gasping sob. John Siddons laid his hand softly on the rough, toil-hardened hand of the farmer, while a pang of envy shot through his heart. Ah! it was almost worth while being shot down in battle to be missed and mourned like dead David Carey!

"Oh, wife!" wailed Zenas, when John Siddons had fallen asleep in the little corner room that had been the lost boy's, "it is almost like having Davie back again! Wife, I fight my great sorrow down every night, but every morning it rises up again more strong than ever! God help us—God help every parent whose home is made desolate by the field of battle!"

Thanksgiving dawned through a white whirlwind of driving snow that eddied among the gnarled boughs of the apple-tree in mad frolics, and edged the old stone-wall with dazzling ermine. And the fiery sparks careering swiftly up Zenas Carey's wide chimney met the steadily falling snow half-way and gave battle, while the hearth glowed with ruddy brightness, as if it knew all about the Governor's Proclamation and approved of it.

"You have a cozy little farm here, Mr. Carey," said John, as they walked through the snow-storm to the church, whose spire nestled among the everlasting hills beyond.

"If I was only sure of it, Sir," said Zenas, with a sigh. "But I've been hard put to it to get along these times. Taxes and such like come heavy on poor men, and I've had a run o' ill luck, so that the place is mortgaged to its full value, and to a hard man, Sir—one that will sell the home you've been born and brought up in as soon as eat his breakfast, so he can make money by it. It will be a black day for Melindy and me when we have to leave the Rock Farm; but it must come soon, and I don't much care what becomes of me arterward. I tell you, Sir, when a man has lived to my age under one roof-tree he don't take very kindly to bein' moved. Men are like forest trees, Sir; you can take a young 'un and do as you please with it, but if you transplant an old 'un it dies. Let's talk o' something else, Mr. Siddons. I oughtn't to complain Thanksgivin'-day."

John looked with a feeling of actual reverence at the hard-featured old man, whose simple soul, borne down as he was by debt, and grief, and age, could still find something to be thankful for.

The turkey and pumpkin-pies were smoking on the round table when John and Zenas returned from church; and Mrs. Carey had brought out her best "flowing blue" plates and her choicest old-time silver spoons in honor of their guest. There was no beverage but coffee that never knew the shores of Java, and a pitcher of cold, sparkling cider; but Champagne could not have been more cordially dealt out by Zenas; and Mrs. Carey's smiling kindness gave a flavor to the chickorized rye that is sometimes lacking in "egg-shell china."

The table was cleared away, and they were sitting round the fire, when the door was opened and Deacon Evarts entered, bringing a small snowdrift on the shoulders of his shaggy overcoat.

"Well, I *am* beat!" quoth Zenas. "Take a cheer, Deacon. Let me hang your coat afore the fire to dry."

"Can't stay," said the Deacon, giving himself a shake, like a black water-dog on its hind-legs. "I thought you'd like to hear the news, so I jest dropped in on my way to my darter's Thanksgivin' dinner."

"News! what news?" exclaimed Zenas, while his wife dropped her knitting.

"Do tell! then you hain't heerd?"

"I hain't heerd nothin' but the wind a-howlin' down the chimbly, and Elder Smith's sarmon this mornin'," said Zenas, a little impatiently.

"The Squire's dead, up to the gret house!"

"Dead! You don't tell me so! That's the man I was a speakin' of as holds my mortgage!" explained Zenas, turning to John Siddons. "And when did it happen, Deacon?"

"Died last night, Sir, just about nightfall, as quiet as a lamb. There wa'n't nobody with him but the old housekeeper—folks didn't s'pose he was dangerous. And Lawyer Ovid says there's a reg'lar will, and he's left all his property to the only relative he had livin'; a soldierin' feller that he's never so much as seen—one Sedgewick, or Sibley, or—what *was* his name now? Any how he's fell heir to all Squire Peter Ailesford's property, and that's a pretty consid'able windfall!"

"Was the name Siddons?" asked the soldier, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in silence.

"That's it!" said the Deacon, giving his knee a sounding slap.

"Peter Ailesford was my father's cousin," said the young man, quietly.

"Land o' Goshen!" ejaculated Deacon Evarts, with growing veneration for the heir to "the old Squire's" money. "Now reelly! that's kind o' providential, ain't it! To think that you should be right here on the spot!"

"I was in search of Mr. Ailesford's house when I met you, Sir," said Siddons, turning to Carey; "but as I was unaware what sort of reception I might get, your kind invitation decided me to wait a day or two."

In vain the Deacon tried to "pump" the young soldier. John Siddons was civilly uncommunicative, and the Deacon finally took leave, burning to unfold his budget of news elsewhere.

"I hope, Sir," said Carey, uneasily, when they were once more alone, "you won't be hard about that mortgage. I'm a poor man, and—"

"Mr. Carey," said John, quietly, "you shall burn that mortgage on this hearth the very day I come into possession of my relative's papers. No thanks, Sir; I have not forgotten that I was 'a stranger, and you took me in.' Do you suppose I shall ever cease to remember the welcome of this Thanksgiving hearth? I never knew either father or mother; but to-day I have fancied what their kindness might have been."

"It was for Davie's sake!" sobbed Mrs. Carey, fairly overcome.

"Then for your dead son's sake will you let me fill his place toward you? Last night death took from me the only one in the world to whom I was allied by ties of blood; do not turn me from *your* hearts!"

"The Lord bless thee—the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, my second son!" said the old man, solemnly.

Slowly the dusk gathered athwart the hills, with wailing winds and whirling drifts of snow—slowly the darkness wrapped them round; but in Zenas Carey's steadfast soul the light of an eternal Thanksgiving was burning; and his wife, with tearful eyes, mused upon her *two* soldier boys—one dead at Gettysburg, the other sitting at her side!

UNION PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

WE illustrate on page 781 the condition of our poor fellows who are so unfortunate as to be prisoners of the rebels at Richmond, Virginia. While the rebel prisoners in our hands are supplied with food in such abundance that they can not consume it all, with clothing, and even regular rations of tobacco, our brave soldiers, to the number of fifteen to eighteen thousand, are shivering and starving to death on Belle Island. The first intimation we had of their sufferings was on the receipt of a boat-load of sick and wounded at City Point, on 29th September. Of their appearance an eye-witness spoke as follows:

> The men landed at five A.M. in the chilly dawn, and it seemed a fitting time for so mournful a procession. They numbered 180 men, brought from Belle Island, near Richmond. Many were unable to walk, and were carried to the hospital. Those that could walk must have presented a sight never to be forgotten; for, before leaving, the rebels not only stripped them of socks, shoes, and blankets, but took from them their shirts and pantaloons, except where the rags could scarce hold together. Men came without hats or caps, with thin cotton drawers, and *bodies bare to the waist*, their nakedness and bleeding feet covered only by what tatters their cruel captors had left them, not from mercy, but because they were too filthy to keep. These men had been on Belle Island (which seems to be a barren waste), without any protection against the weather, except what they had themselves constructed. They had lain on the sand, which was to them both bed and covering, exposed, both sick and well, to all extremes of heat and cold, without clothes, without food (except small portions of the most repulsive kinds), for weeks and months, many having been taken prisoners at or before the battle of Gettysburg. Many were suffering from what are called *sand-sores*, and the surgeons in vain attempted to produce general circulation of blood, the cuticle in many instances *seemingly dried on the bone* from exposure.

Within a day or two a returned prisoner from Richmond, Rev. H. C. Trumbull, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, has stated that when he left the Libey prison at Richmond on Wednesday, the Union officers confined there had only received one-third of a pound of bread and some water for two days previous, and for several days no meat had been served out. The Quarter-master explained to the prisoners that he had no provisions to give them, and excused himself for the seeming inhumanity on his part. He stated that on the same day he was unable to supply the prisoners on Belle Island with any thing whatever, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he could procure a little meat for the hospitals.

De Witt C. Walters, an Indiana scout, equal to Leatherstocking, captured just before Chicamauga, and paroled with three hundred and fifty other Union prisoners, arrived at Washington last week, and stated, among other things of absorbing interest, that the average number of deaths among our men in Richmond hospitals is forty-three a day, and that most of them get their death-warrants on Belle Island. That sandy desert is low, damp, swept with winds, and wrapped in fogs. Our men are without blankets, and but one-third of them sheltered under mould-eaten tents. All the starved sicken instantly, and run down with frightful rapidity. Four dogs, enticed to the Island during the twenty days Walters was confined there, were greedily cooked and joyfully ate. In the hospital to which he was transferred, the sole diet was corn-bread, made up without salt. Not a beef animal has come to Richmond in twelve days.

Five thousand Union prisoners are now on their way to Lynchburg and Danville, for easier access to such food as can be reached. Walters's picture of waste time and cunning in a vain endeavor to entice the more confiding one of four fat pups from a slut seated outside a fence, which coops our men on Belle Island, to trot under it and be ate up, is one of ghastly humor, and a sure measure of misfortune to which our friends so speedily succumb in that Golgotha.

The following from the Richmond *Examiner* of 7th instant, may help to explain our picture:

> On last Wednesday night a "spy," from Lieutenant V. Bossieux's guard, on Belle Isle, while perambulating in disguise through the Yankee prisoners, overheard one of the prisoners say, "Well, they're going to plant cannon around us to-morrow, and all who don't want to stay here and freeze to death this winter must make a break to-night."
>
> The "spy" immediately sped to Lieutenant Bossieux with the information he had obtained. The latter communicated the alarm to the guard, threw the sentinels forward, and sent to the barracks for one hundred additional men.
>
> No attempt to break the lines was made, and it was plain that if any was contemplated it was checked by the demonstration of the guard.
>
> Five pieces of cannon are now planted in positions bearing on the prisoner's camp at short range, and any demonstration to overpower the guard will result in the thinning out of their number amazingly.

GENERAL GORDON GRANGER.

ON this page we publish a portrait, from a photograph taken at Chattanooga, of GENERAL GORDON GRANGER, who now commands General Thomas's late corps in the Army of the Cumberland.

Gordon Granger was born in this State about the year 1826, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age. He entered West Point in 1841, and graduated in 1845, entering the Second Infantry. In July of the following year he was transferred to the Mounted Rifles. When the war with Mexico broke out he accompanied General Scott on his campaign; and distinguished himself so highly at Contreras and Churubusco that he was brevetted First Lieutenant. Again, at Chapultepec, he won honors, and was brevetted Captain. At the close of the war he was transferred to the cavalry arm of the service; and was in the Third Cavalry when the Southern rebellion again compelled his country to call upon him for assistance. Resignations of traitors made way for his advance to a Captaincy in that regiment. He was one of the first regular army officers who was allowed to accept a commission as Colonel of Volunteers. His services being too valuable to be wasted on a single regiment, he was, on 17th September, 1862, commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and attached to the Army of the Cumberland. The country heard of him from time to time, as the war progressed in the West—now in a battle, now in a brilliant cavalry raid—and the report always was that he was doing his duty nobly and steadfastly. At last came the battle of Chicamauga. Of his fortunate advent to the support of Thomas on that occasion the following brief extract from the *Herald* correspondence may give some idea:

General Thomas, near the centre of the army, was engaged, about one o'clock, sitting on his horse in the hollow of a ridge in an open field behind Harker's brigade, busy watching a heavy cloud of dust in his rear, in such a direction that it might be General Granger with reinforcements, or it might be the enemy. It cast a cloud over his spirits which was plainly visible to one who observed him, as I confess I did that day, with ever-increasing admiration. The truth is, that General Thomas at one o'clock P.M., on the last day of this battle, had no disposition to fight any more, and feared the result of the next rebel attack. And so he watched with natural anxiety the development of the cloud of dust, which was then no more than a mile distant. If it dissolved to reveal friends, then they would be welcome; for at this hour fresh friends were all that was needed. If it disclosed the enemy, then the day was lost, and it became the duty of those who formed the "last square" on this battle-field to throw into the teeth of the victorious enemy a defiance as grandly contemptuous as that of Cambronne, and die. There was no escape if the troops moving were the cavalry of the enemy.

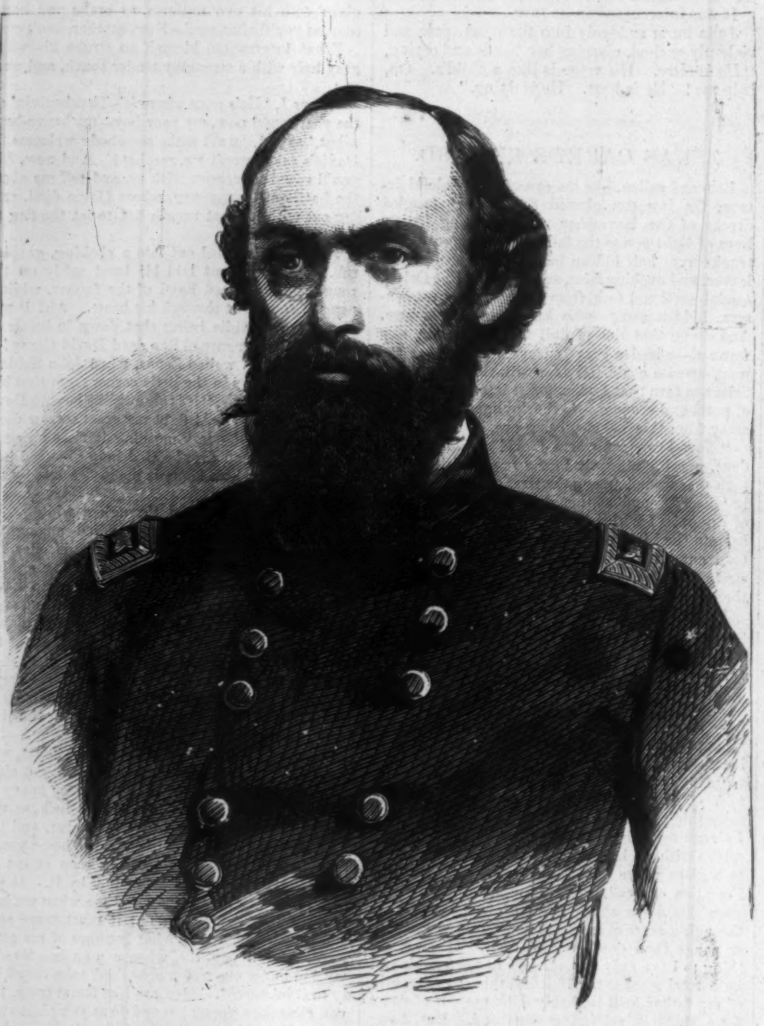
"Take my glass, some one of you whose horse stands steady. Tell me what you see."

In the dust that emerged, thick as the clouds that precede the storm, nothing could be distinguished but a moving mass of men. But it was seen that they were infantry. This information made Thomas breathe more freely. If infantry, it was much more likely to be Granger than the enemy. At this moment a tall officer, with the yellow straps of a captain of cavalry, presented himself to General Thomas.

"General," he said, "I am cut off from General Negley, and can not find him. I beg leave to report to you for duty, Sir, of any character."

"Captain Johnston," said the General to the speaker (Captain Johnston, Second Indiana Cavalry, Inspector-General on General Negley's Staff), "ride over there, and report to me who and what that force is."

In an instant Johnston was gone—gone upon a mission which proved itself to be a more dangerous one than any of us supposed. As he emerged slowly from a dense foliage of willows growing about a narrow stream in the rear we heard the report of several rifles, and saw him halt for a second, and then, dashing spurs to his horse, disappear in a thick wood in the direction of the coming mass of troops still enveloped in clouds of dust. In a few minutes he again emerged from this timber, and following him came the red, white, and blue crescent-shaped battle-flag of Gordon Granger. We had wished for night, and it was Blucher who had come to us. At a quarter past one Steadman first, and Gordon Granger afterward, had wrung the hand of the statue Thomas, who had gone all through the terrible scenes of the last two days' battle to be melted and moved at this hour. As Granger came up I felt that from the face of the heavens a great cloud had passed, and the sun was shining once more upon us as with the same benignant rays of former victories.


GEN. GORDON GRANGER, OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED AT CHATTANOOGA.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

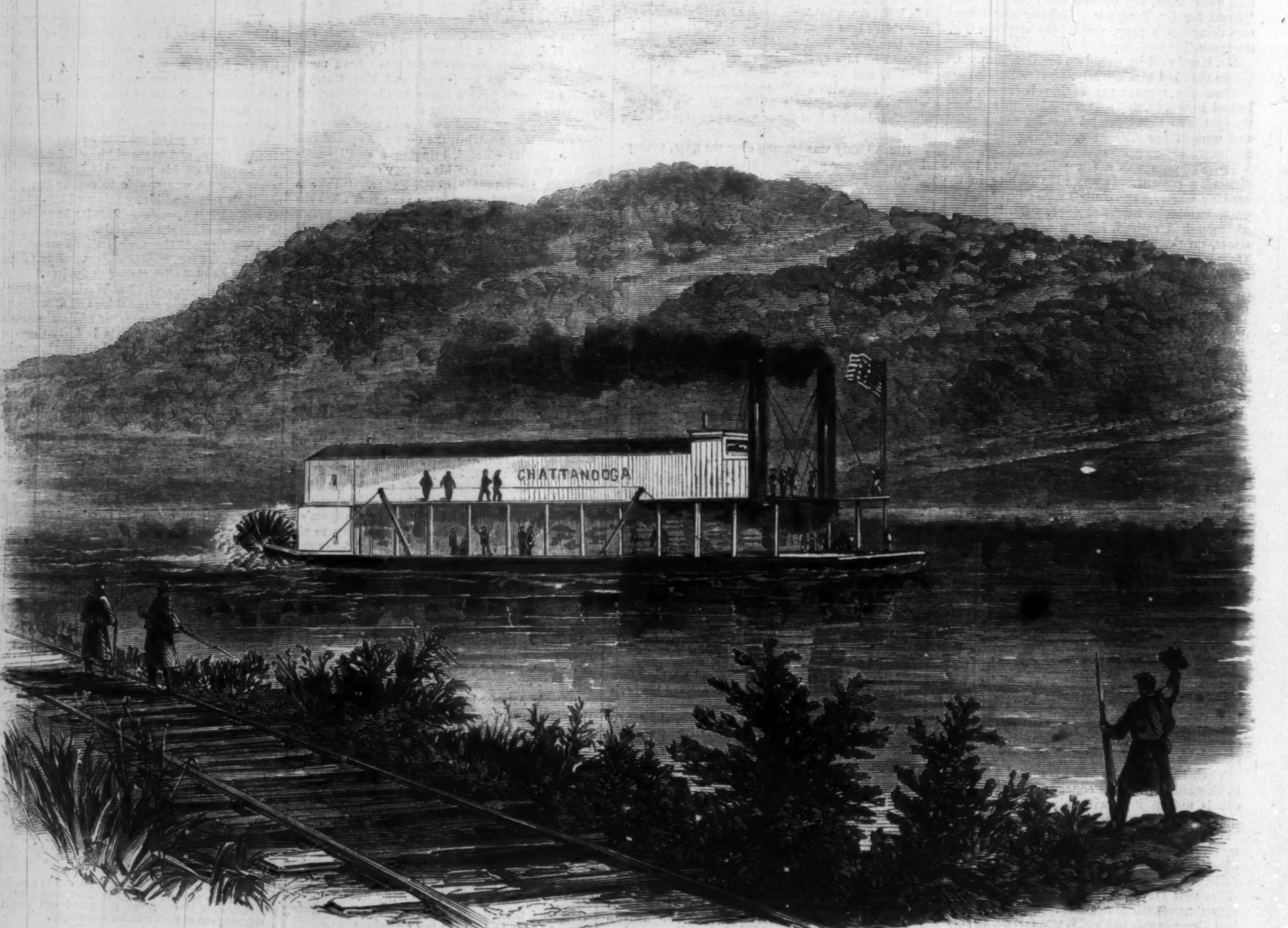
ON page 772 we reproduce two pictures by Mr. Waud, illustrating the recent skirmishing in Virginia. Mr. Waud writes:

"THE RECENT FIGHTING AT KELLY'S FORD.

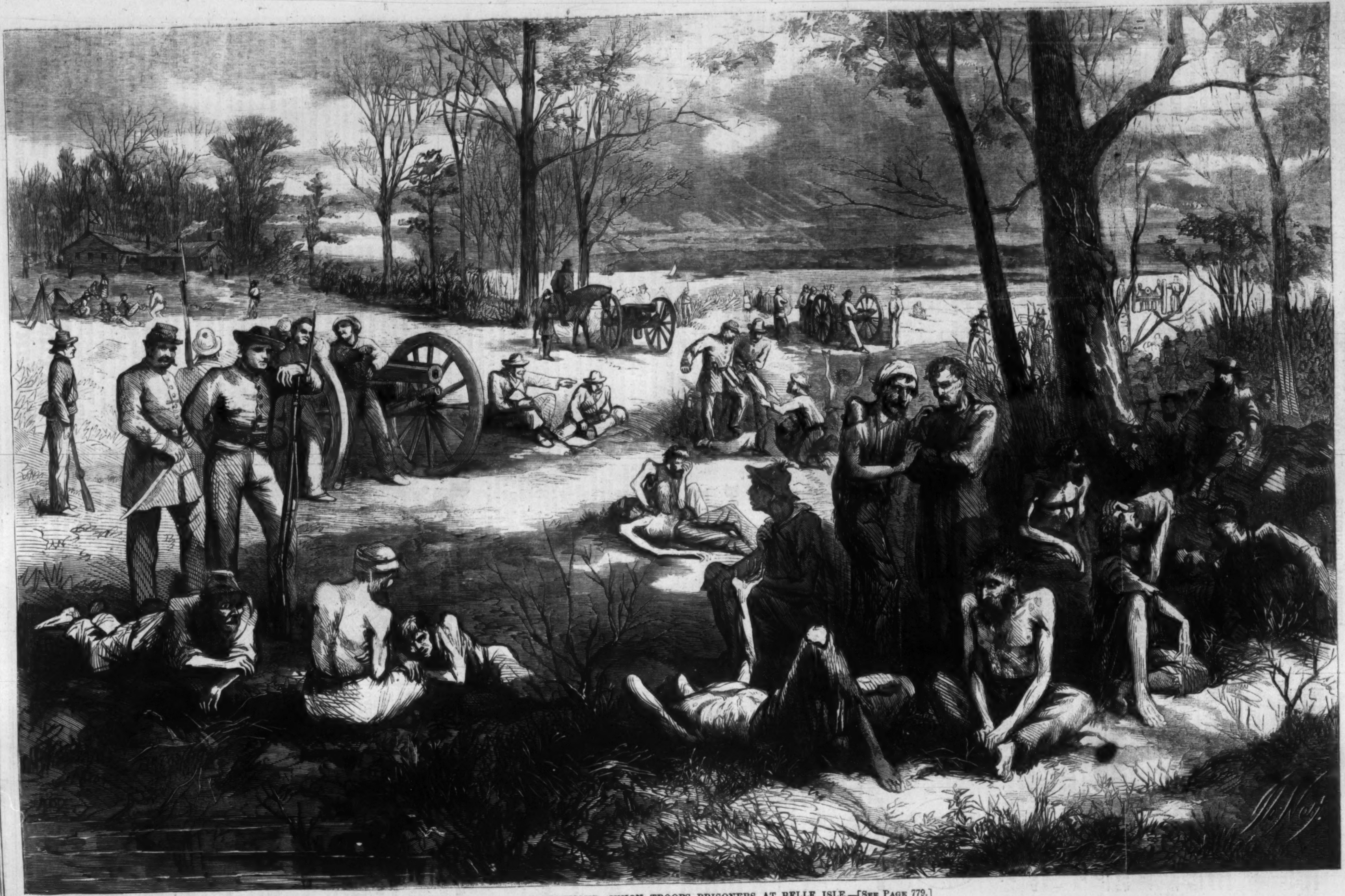
"While General Sedgwick, with the right wing of the army, was advancing upon Rappahannock Station, General French, with a command of three corps, moved for a crossing at Kellysville. Here he found the ford protected by some rifle-pits upon the opposite bank, and beyond by other field-works, for guns as well as men. Upon these our guns opened with telling effect—Randolph's battery giving them shell, canister, and case in front, while Sleeper's battery enfiladed them from a height to the left, near Mount Holly Church—General French's head-quarters. Another 3-inch gun battery, near Randolph's light twelves, also joined in the cannonade, as well as some 4½-inch pieces on the hill. After a short action the accuracy of our fire caused the rebels to take to the woods in confusion, leaving a number of men in the rifle-pits. At these, wading middle-deep through the cold river, General Hobart Ward directed one of his regiments to charge. Once on the opposite shore, the advance dashed up the low ridge of earth which formed the defense, and the garrison was captured. The sketch presents a view from the island, after the deepest portion of the river was crossed.

"The more extended picture shows the same thing from another point—the houses, mill, etc., called Kellysville, beyond the ford; still further, the rifle-pits and pine woods, where the enemy found refuge. The houses in Kellysville, also Brown's, on the left, were riddled. Sleeper's battery, on the authority of some prisoners, is said to have taken off the legs of some of the rebel staff officers. Their horses were killed, and left upon the ground, to show the severity of the fire. A whole brigade ran away, leaving their muskets stacked, and then came out in small squads to get them again."

At latest dates the Army of the Potomac was once more "stuck in the mud"—in which unhappy state it has spent a large portion of its existence. Meade is said to command a very large army—as large as it was at Gettysburg. About Lee's force accounts differ, some giving him 70,000 men, others less than half that force.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE "CHATTANOOGA," A STEAMER BUILT BY THE SOLDIERS.—[SEE PAGE 775.]



THE PRISONS AT RICHMOND—UNION TROOPS PRISONERS AT BELLE ISLE.—[See Page 779.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one call on A. MORTON, No. 25 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamp for circular.

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We offer to sell our Watch, which is of THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE AND DURABLE TIME-KEEPER, and in Sterling Silver Cases, Hunting pattern, at nearly as low a price as is asked for the fancy-named *Ancres* and *Lepines* of foreign make, already referred to.

We have named the new series of Watches, WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass., which name will be found on the plate of every watch of this manufacture, and is one of our trade-marks.

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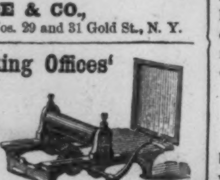

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The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the underisgned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

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It is scarcely necessary for Dr. Brandreth to assure his friends that he continues his unremitting care in the manufacturing department of the Brandreth Pills; or that they are entirely free from chemical or mineral preparations; these facts being well known and understood to be so. While mercury and bleeding, and other deleterious remedies are becoming more and more unpopular, the Brandreth Pills are extending the sphere of their usefulness by the appreciation of a discerning public.

The numerous cases in which these pills have been used, where they have restored the fading embers of life to their former brilliancy, entitles them to the appellation of the "*Universal Medicine of Life,*" for they cleanse and purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the nerves, and secure perfect digestion, by which we avoid melancholy, and prevent the creation of those humors to which we owe erysipelas, scurvy, gout, and those "slimy dregs out of which the stone and gravel are formed within us."

It is now well understood how much disorders of the mind depend for their cure upon a due attention to the body. It is now understood how valuable is that medicine which will remove morbid accumulations without weakening the bodily powers. It is now understood that there is a reciprocal influence between the mind and the body. It is now understood that purging with the Brandreth Pills will remove melancholy, and that even insanity is cured by perseveringly using them. It is now understood how much domestic happiness depends upon the healthy condition of the digestive organs.

It is now well known that the BRANDRETH PILLS have cured thousands of hopeless and helpless persons, even when the first physicians had pronounced them beyond all human means of relief. It is now not only well known that the Brandreth Pills *do cure,* but it is also understood *how* they cure—by their purifying effect on the blood, they restore the body to health.

This principle of cure has no longer to contend with the blind prejudices of the greater portion of the public; it is only with those few who are determined to be "killed according to rule," like the people of old, who "would have" a king to reign over them. But, thanks to the general circulation of newspapers—thanks to the general diffusion of knowledge, which enables nineteen-twentieths of the PEOPLE to read and judge for themselves—now we no longer believe in swallowing that deadly mineral, Mercury, professing to cure, but universally leaving us in a worse condition after its use.

We no longer believe in the absurd notion that inflammations of any kind can be cured by abstracting our life—OUR BLOOD. It is now well understood that an inflammation is a wise ordinance of nature—a signal that she requires the assistance of purgative medicine to ease her of the oppressive burden which she proves by the high fever and the strong pulse, is wanted to be removed. In other words, the body calls for vegetable cleansing.

LET THE AILING READ.

A gentleman had been ailing for some weeks; his stools had become light colored, showing the bile was retained in the blood, and rendering an attack of Jaundice or Typhoid Fever probable. He was nervous and irritable; sleep confused; acid stomach; dizzy; absent-minded; memory failing; pains in the limbs; bowels costive. At length a severe diarrhœa set in which lasted for two days. When this stopped severe pains of the bowels came on—"dry gripes" as he called it. Up to this time he had done nothing but now and then taking a single Brandreth Pill, but now he understood that the case admitted of no delay, and he at once took five Brandreth's Pills, and partook plentifully of oatmeal gruel. The Pills, in about six hours, operated well, and he thought the difficulty removed. This was not so, for in less than two hours the pains in the bowels returned with great violence, accompanied with a sinking feeling, and he thought he was going to die. He immediately swallowed two more pills and some warm broth. The pain soon abated, and he slept for several hours. The pills brought away pitchy looking stools, and he had no more severe pain in his bowels. For three more days he took five pills at night, and his secretions became natural, and his health fully restored by less than a box of Brandreth's Pills.

TYPHOID FEVER PREVENTED.

One of the officers of the *Toro,* the packet which runs between Laguayra and Ciudad Bolivar, was taken with violent fever, headache, and diarrhœa. He was about supplying his place with a substitute, when a friend told him to take eight Brandreth's Pills, and continue them night and morning for a few days, and he would have, perhaps, no need of a substitute. This advice he followed, and the third day he was cured. His diet was oatmeal gruel for the first twenty-four hours.

CURE OF DROPSY OF THE PRÆCORDIA

A lady in Fourth Avenue, in New York City, was sorely afflicted with disease of the heart. For two years she thought every day would be her last, for she had a constant heavy dragging weight all around her heart. The doctors called it

DROPSY OF THE PRÆCORDIA.

She was under what was supposed the best treatment the City afforded, but she daily became worse, until, at length, she concluded to try Brandreth's Pills, which afforded her relief from the first dose, and in three months they cured her, and now she is in perfect health.

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A man, aged 97, of robust constitution, from a severe wrench, was laid up. His back pained him as if the muscles were torn. His bowels, kidneys, and bladder seemed paralyzed. For seven days nothing passed his bowels, spite of all the remedies administered by his three doctors, who told his poor wife they could do no more. She was advised, as a last effort to save him, to give him Brandreth's Pills. So she procured a box, and gave him four pills every four hours. She rubbed the pills down to powder under a knife on a plate, and then mixed with a teaspoonful of molasses. She continued this treatment until she had administered *fifty-two* pills, when they operated, and the man's life was saved.

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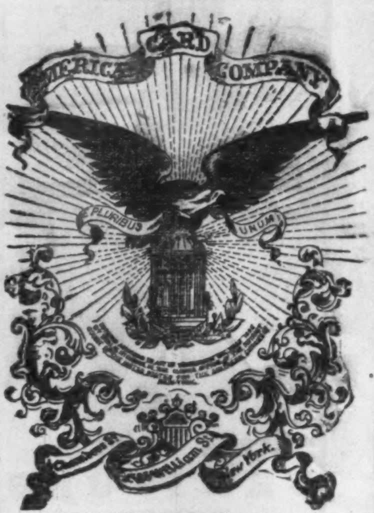

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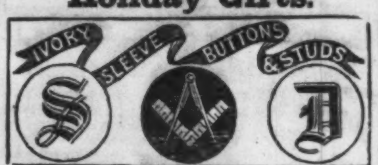

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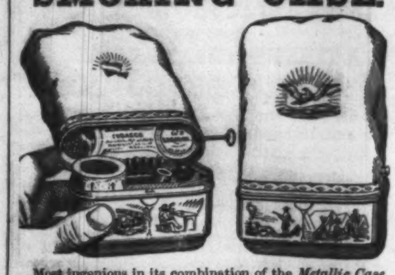

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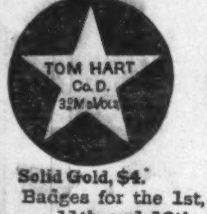

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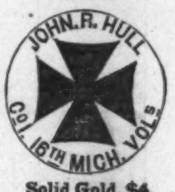
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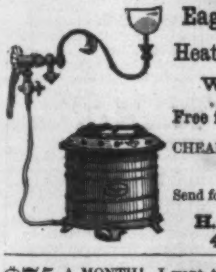

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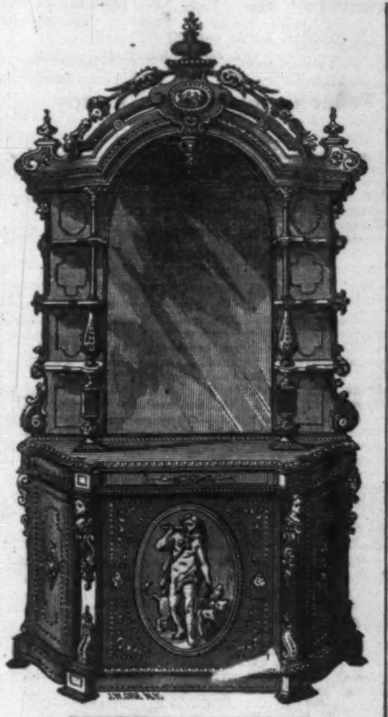

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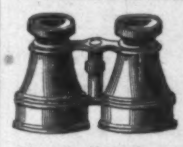

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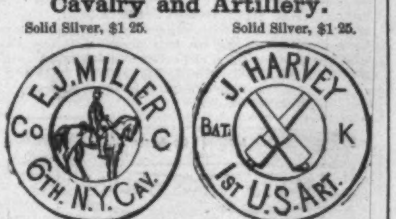

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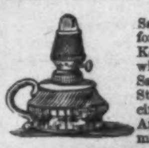

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